THE VISITORS FROM OZ

By

L. FRANK BAUM

Pictured by DICK MARTIN

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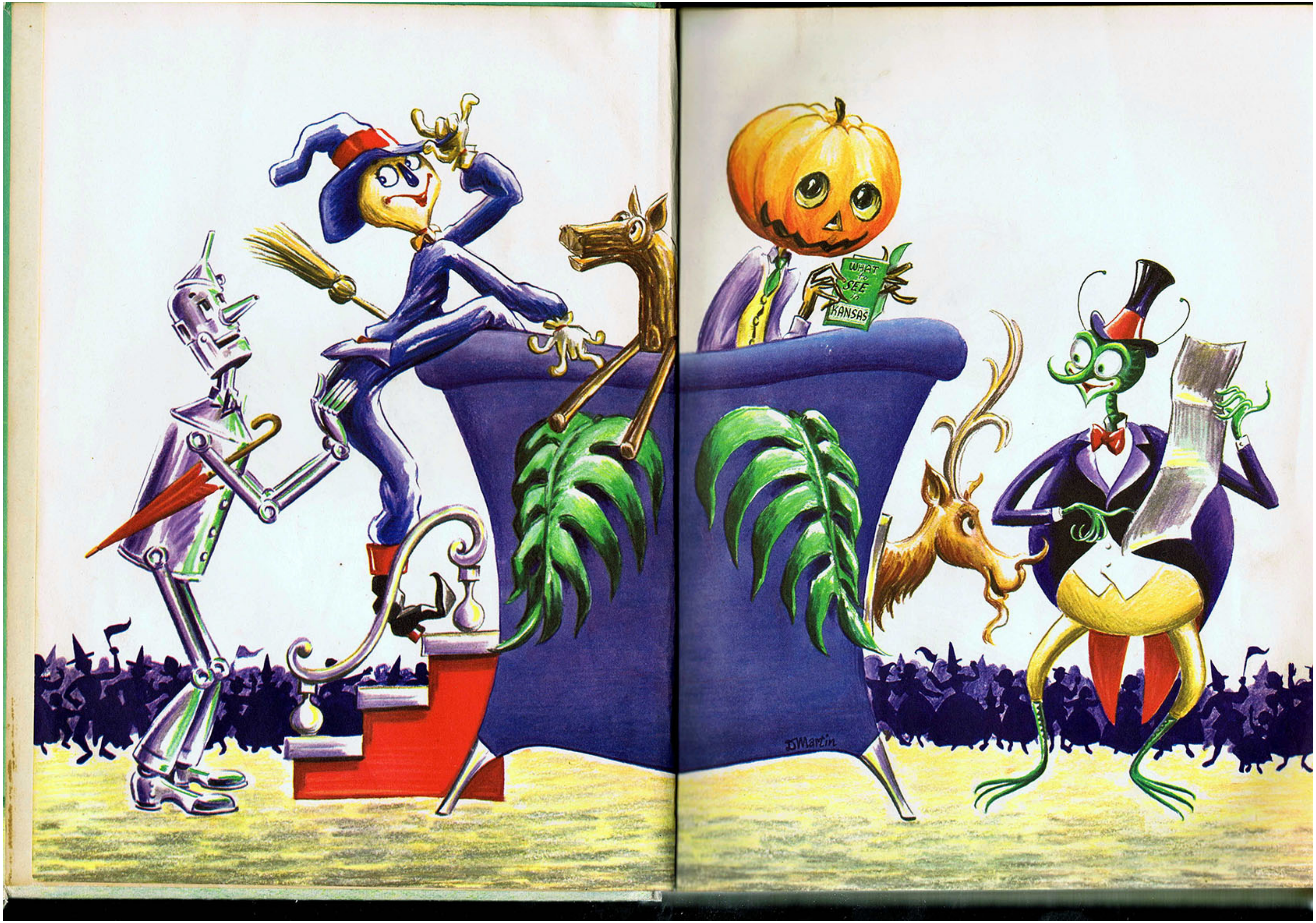
H.M.S.
GUMP


WHAT to SEE in KANSAS
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Jack Pumpkinhead
H.M. Wogglebug T.E.
Sawhorse
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THE VISITORS FROM OZ

Being a True and Faithful Account of the Adventures of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, Professor Wogglebug and Jack Pumpkinhead in the Little-known and Unexplored United States of America

Recorded by
The Royal Historian of Oz,

L. FRANK BAUM

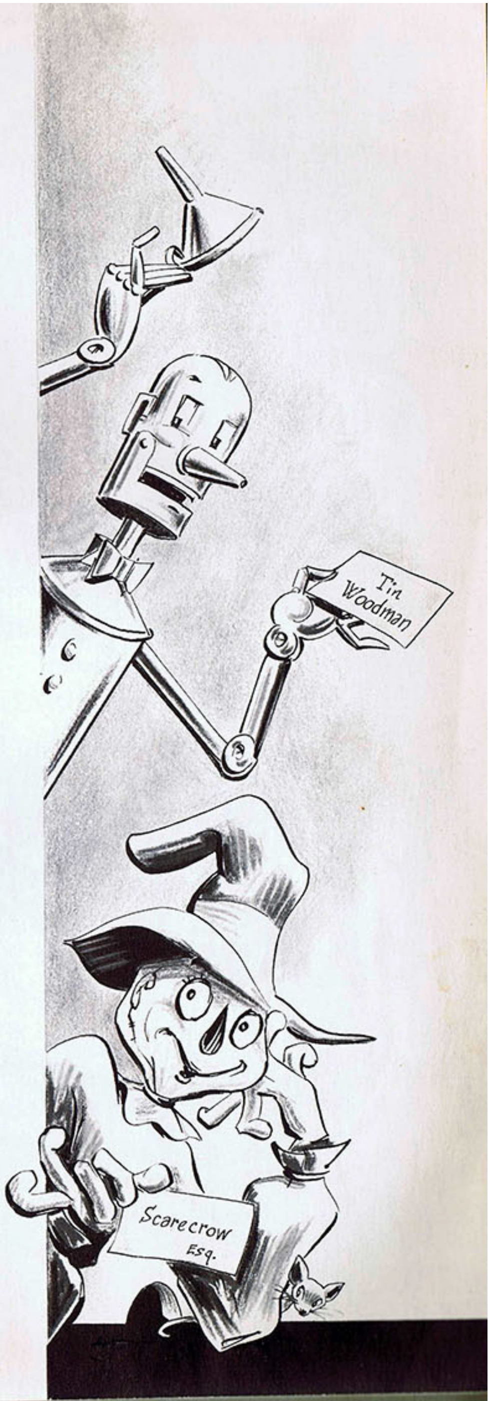
Author of THE WIZARD OF OZ

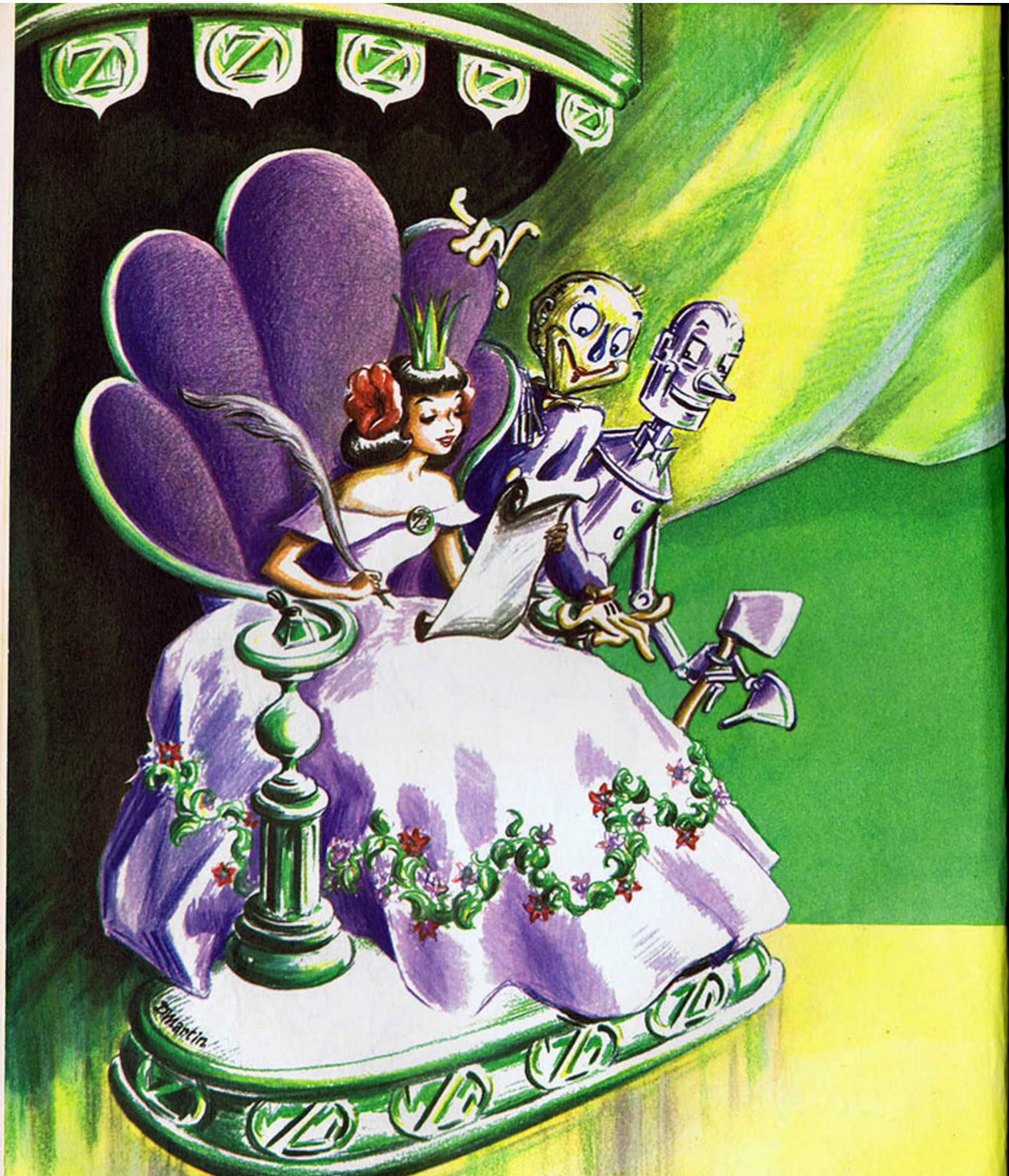
Adapted for today's children

Pictured by

DICK MARTIN

The Reilly & Lee Co.
Chicago


Tin Woodman
Scarecrow Esq.



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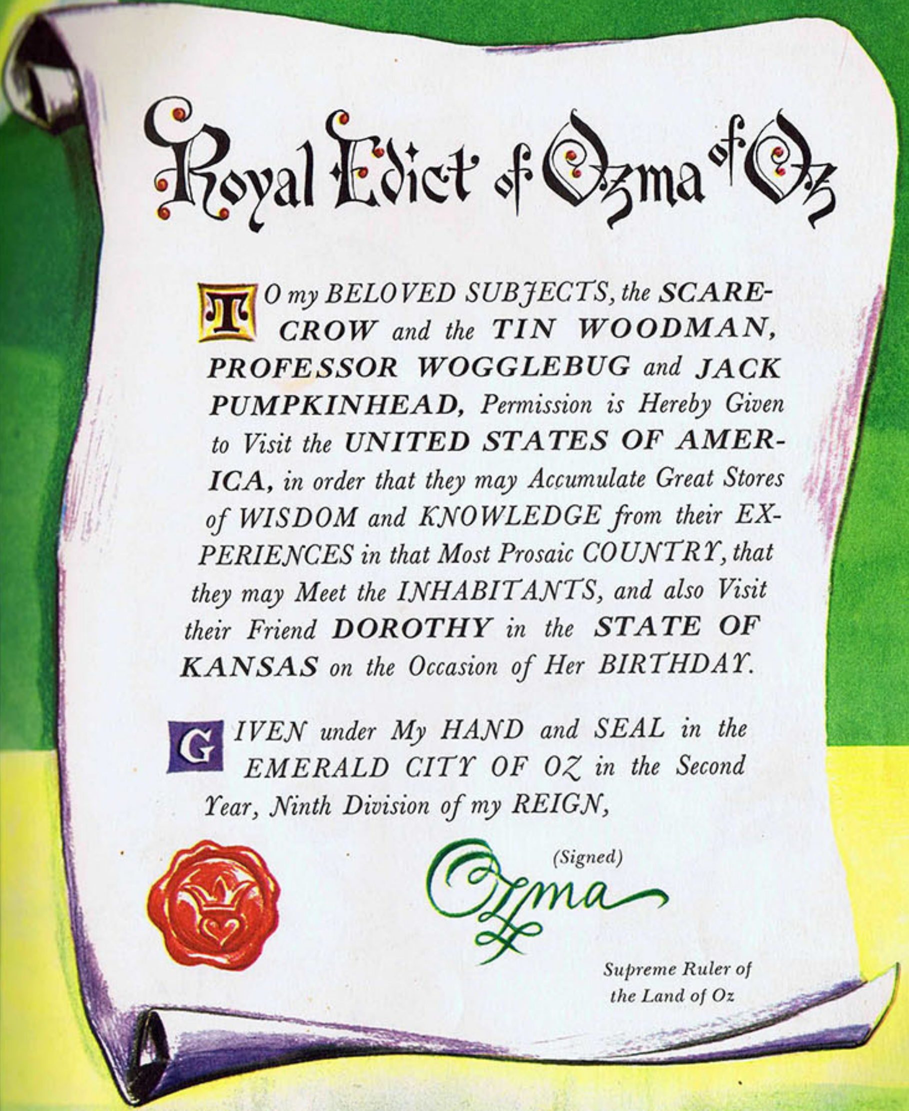
HOW IT ALL BEGAN



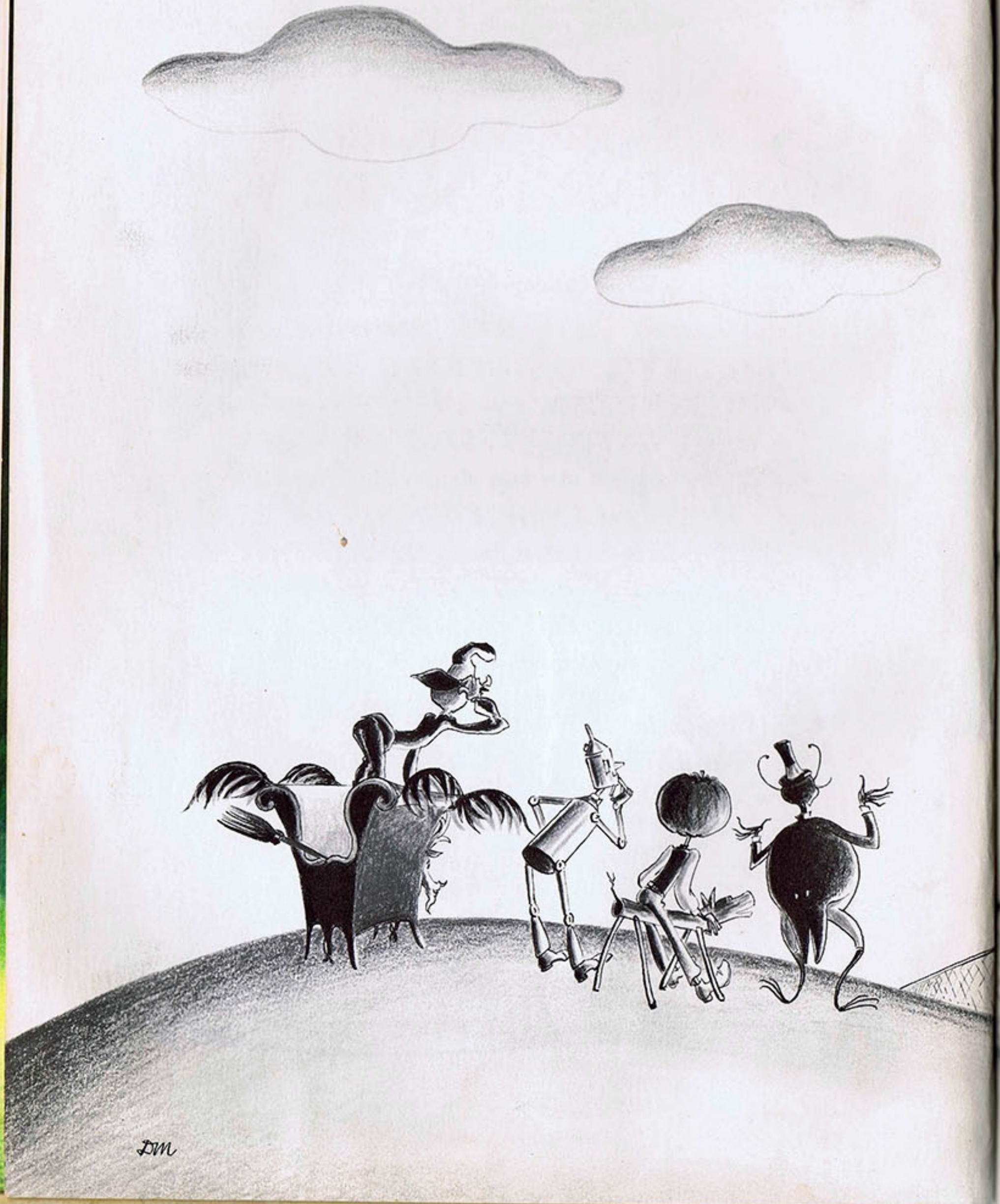
Royal Edict of Ozma of Oz

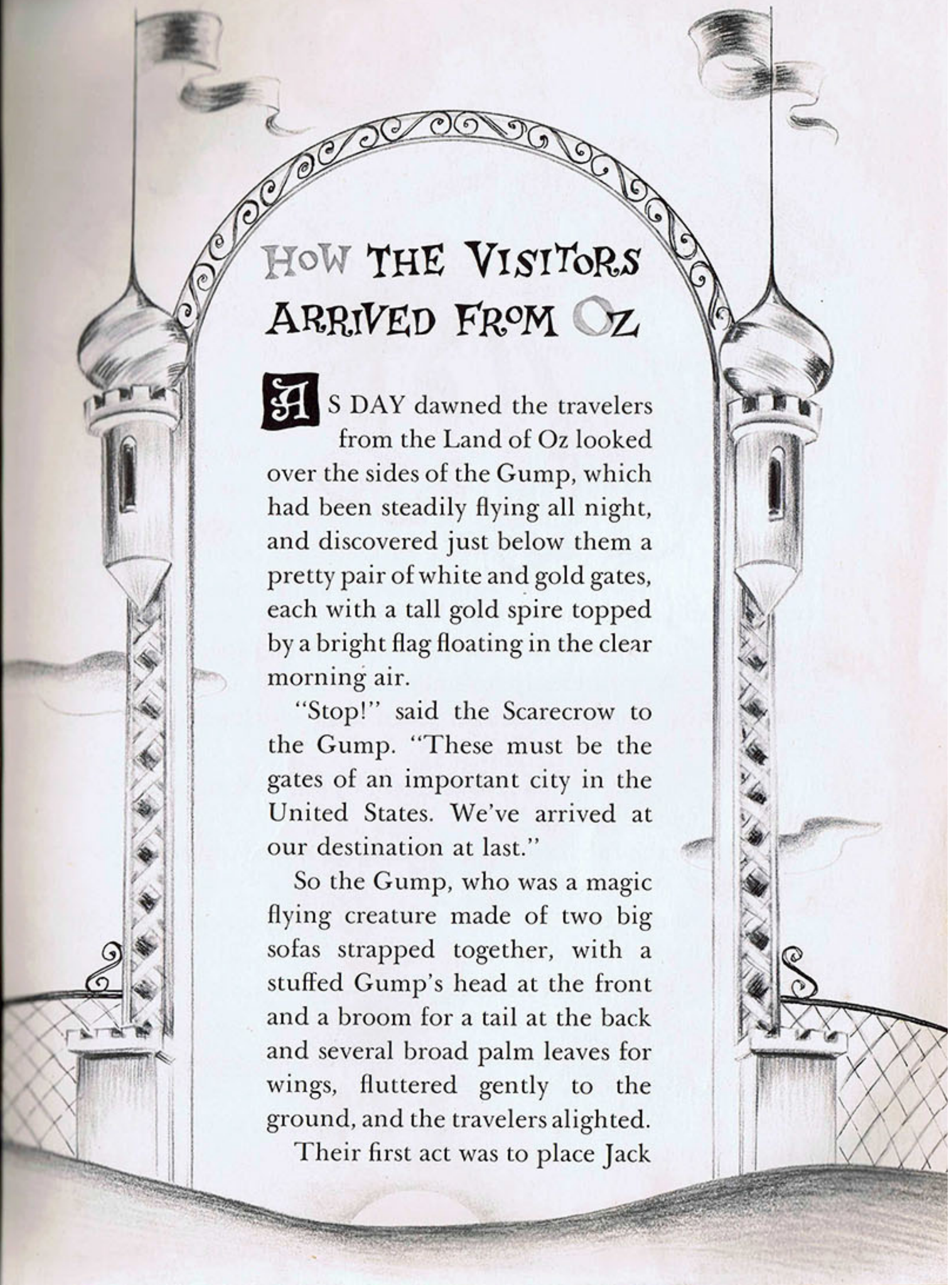
TO my *BELOVED SUBJECTS, the* **SCARECROW** *and the* **TIN WOODMAN, PROFESSOR WOGGLEBUG** *and* **JACK PUMPKINHEAD,** *Permission is Hereby Given to Visit the* **UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,** *in order that they may Accumulate Great Stores of WISDOM and KNOWLEDGE from their EXPERIENCES in that Most Prosaic COUNTRY, that they may Meet the INHABITANTS, and also Visit their Friend* **DOROTHY** *in the* **STATE OF KANSAS** *on the Occasion of Her BIRTHDAY.*

G*IVEN under My HAND and SEAL in the EMERALD CITY OF OZ in the Second Year, Ninth Division of my REIGN,*

(Signed)
Ozma

*Supreme Ruler of
the Land of Oz*





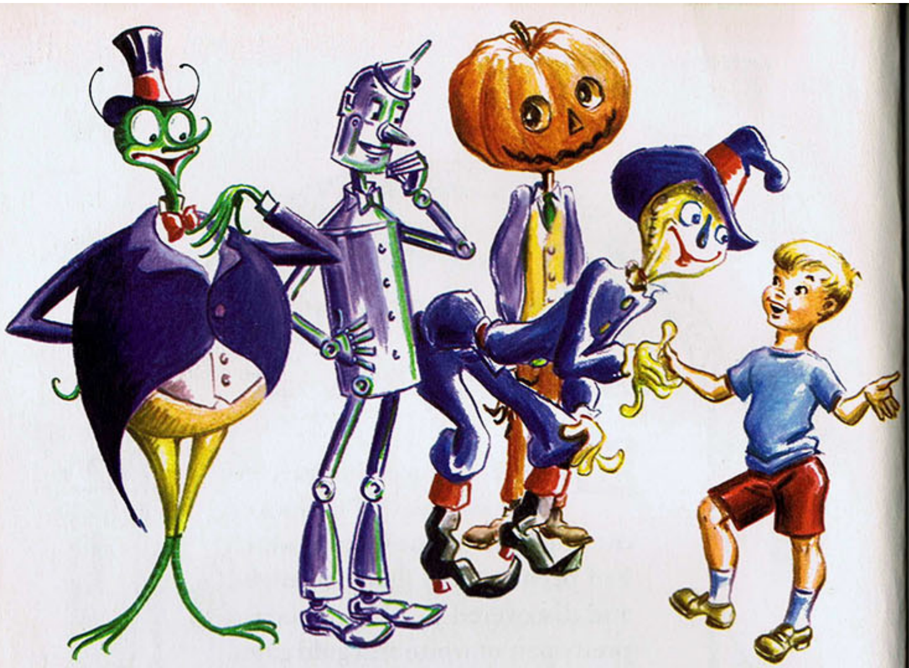
HOW THE VISITORS ARRIVED FROM OZ

AS DAY dawned the travelers from the Land of Oz looked over the sides of the Gump, which had been steadily flying all night, and discovered just below them a pretty pair of white and gold gates, each with a tall gold spire topped by a bright flag floating in the clear morning air.

"Stop!" said the Scarecrow to the Gump. "These must be the gates of an important city in the United States. We've arrived at our destination at last."

So the Gump, who was a magic flying creature made of two big sofas strapped together, with a stuffed Gump's head at the front and a broom for a tail at the back and several broad palm leaves for wings, fluttered gently to the ground, and the travelers alighted.

Their first act was to place Jack



Pumpkinhead upon the back of the Sawhorse. Jack can ride much more easily than he can walk, for his body is made of wooden sticks, pegged somewhat carelessly together, and his head is only a carved pumpkin stuck on top of the sharpened stake which serves him as a neck.

"Where are the United States?" asked Jack, looking around. "I don't see them anywhere."

"Where are the Inhabitants of this strange place?" asked the Tin Woodman.

"My gracious," remarked the Sawhorse, staring around him, "the Americans have their roads in the sky!"

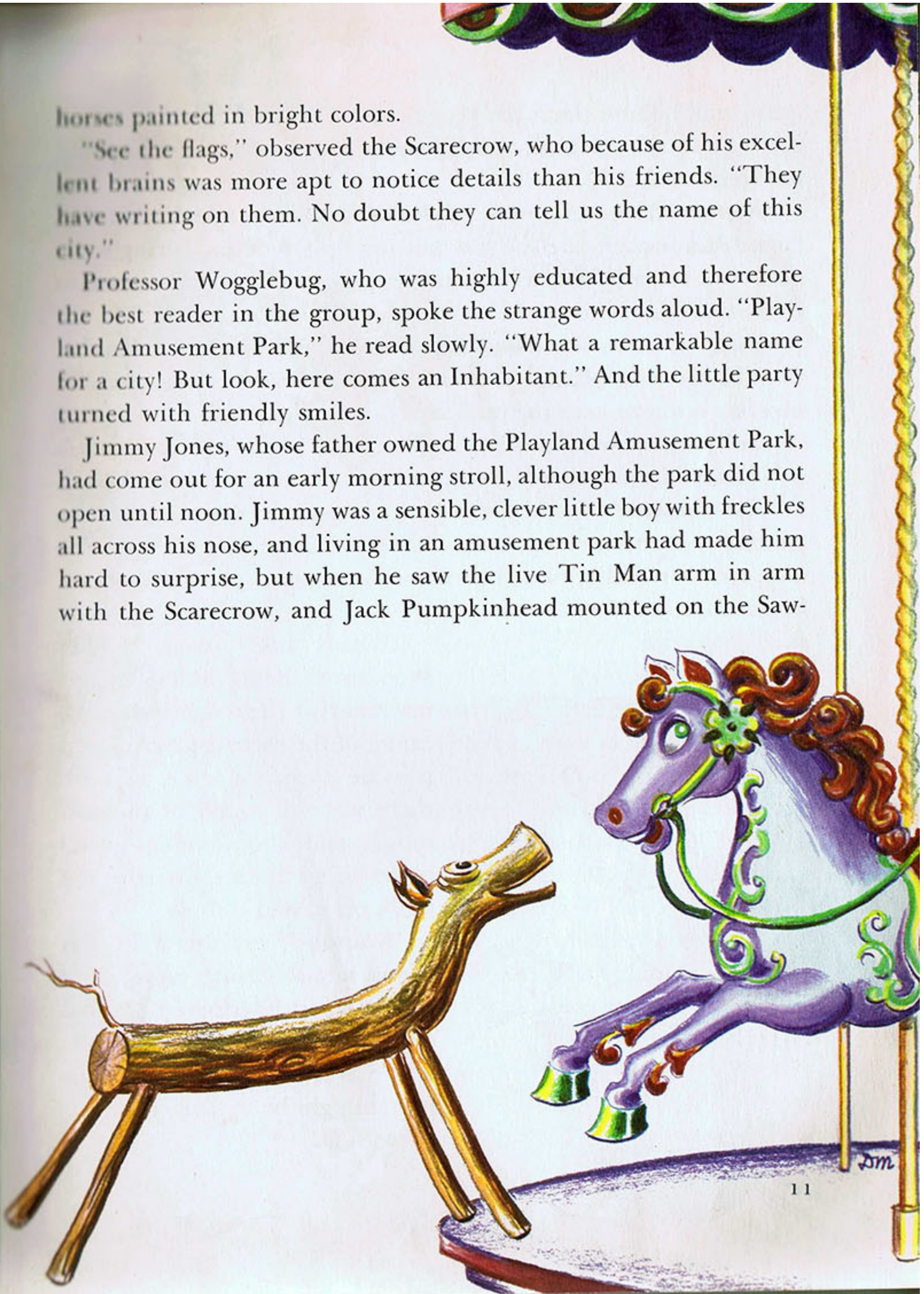
Indeed, in front of our little group of voyagers was a tall structure supporting two shiny steel tracks which went up and down hills and around curves high in the air, while at the bottom waited a small train with several open cars. Nearby was a huge wheel with seats attached all around, and next to that a big platform with wooden

horses painted in bright colors.

"See the flags," observed the Scarecrow, who because of his excellent brains was more apt to notice details than his friends. "They have writing on them. No doubt they can tell us the name of this city."

Professor Wogglebug, who was highly educated and therefore the best reader in the group, spoke the strange words aloud. "Playland Amusement Park," he read slowly. "What a remarkable name for a city! But look, here comes an Inhabitant." And the little party turned with friendly smiles.

Jimmy Jones, whose father owned the Playland Amusement Park, had come out for an early morning stroll, although the park did not open until noon. Jimmy was a sensible, clever little boy with freckles all across his nose, and living in an amusement park had made him hard to surprise, but when he saw the live Tin Man arm in arm with the Scarecrow, and Jack Pumpkinhead mounted on the Saw-



horse, and behind them the Wogglebug wearing a bright red bow tie, his eyes grew rounder and rounder, and for a moment he could not speak at all.

"Are you the entertainers for the sideshow?" he asked at last. His father had spoken lately about putting up a tent and hiring some performers to help amuse the children who came every afternoon to enjoy the rides at the park.

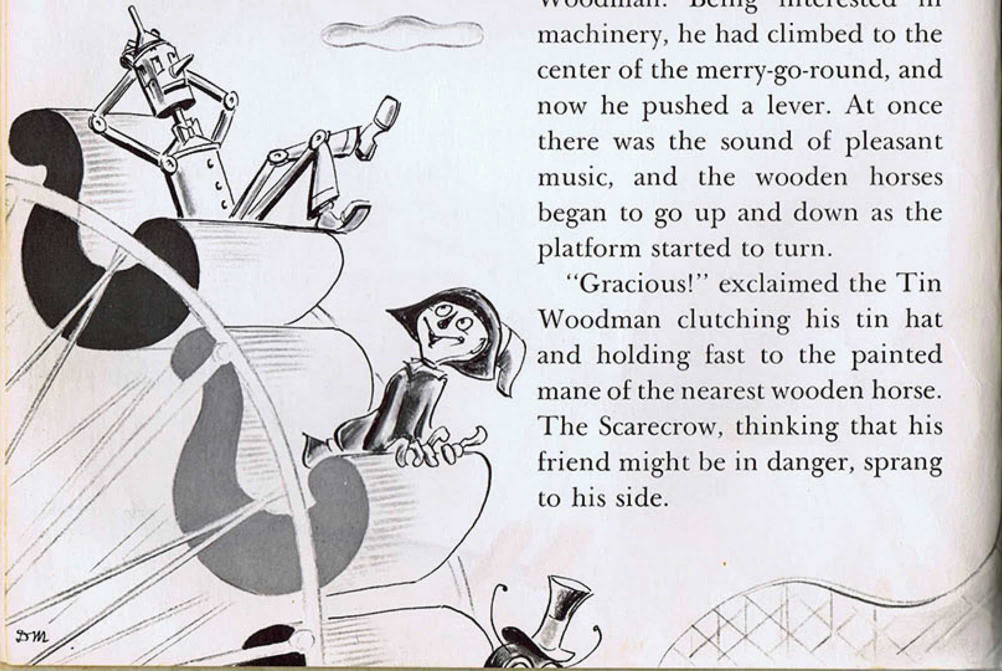
The Scarecrow made a low bow. "We are visitors from the Land of Oz," he replied politely. "May I inquire the names of the peculiar objects you have here in your city?"

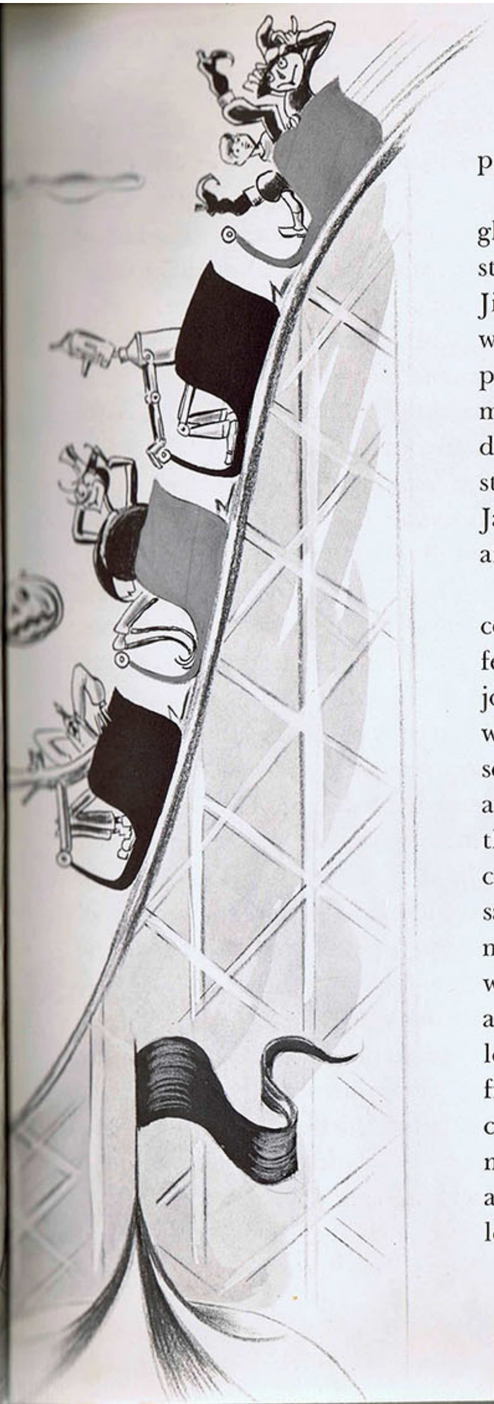
"Golly, don't you know?" asked Jimmy. "Over there, that's a roller-coaster. Next to it is a ferris wheel. This is a merry-go-round."

"How-do-you-do," said the Sawhorse politely to the nearest of the painted wooden merry-go-round horses. But, of course, since the creature was not alive, it neither moved nor spoke, and the Sawhorse finally gave a sniff of disdain.

"What's this?" asked the Tin Woodman. Being interested in machinery, he had climbed to the center of the merry-go-round, and now he pushed a lever. At once there was the sound of pleasant music, and the wooden horses began to go up and down as the platform started to turn.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the Tin Woodman clutching his tin hat and holding fast to the painted mane of the nearest wooden horse. The Scarecrow, thinking that his friend might be in danger, sprang to his side.





"Come on!" cried Jimmy happily to the Wogglebug.

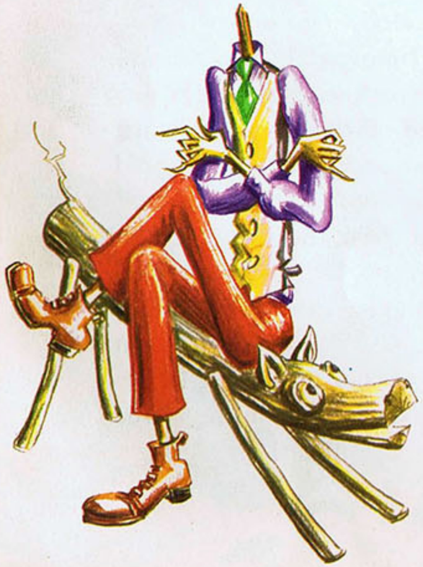
Professor Wogglebug, always glad to investigate the customs of strange parts of the world, took Jimmy's hand and climbed onto a wooden horse. Soon all the little party were mounted and circling merrily, except the Sawhorse, who did not care to associate with the stuck-up painted creatures, and Jack Pumpkinhead, who was afraid his head might fly off.

After the merry-go-round, of course, our friends had to try the ferris wheel, which they all enjoyed tremendously—even Jack, who couldn't resist getting into a seat, too, when he saw his friends about to have so much fun. Then they decided to go on the roller-coaster. Jimmy and the Scarecrow sat in the back seat, the Tin Woodman and Professor Wogglebug were next, and Jack Pumpkinhead and the Sawhorse, because of their long legs, took the two places in front. Up, up, up, went the roller-coaster—high into the bright morning sky. They looked down and saw the Gump waiting far below, and the colored horses of the

merry-go-round were like bright dots. Then *swoosh!* went the roller-coaster and dashed downhill; *swish!* it took a curve. The little party from Oz held on tight. They were having a wonderful time. Then suddenly, on the very last curve, Jack, who had been holding fast to his pumpkinhead with one hand, relaxed his grip. Immediately, his head bounced right off his wooden neck and flew into space.

"My head!" cried poor Jack, speaking from mid-air while his body was carried on below, "It will be smashed to bits!"

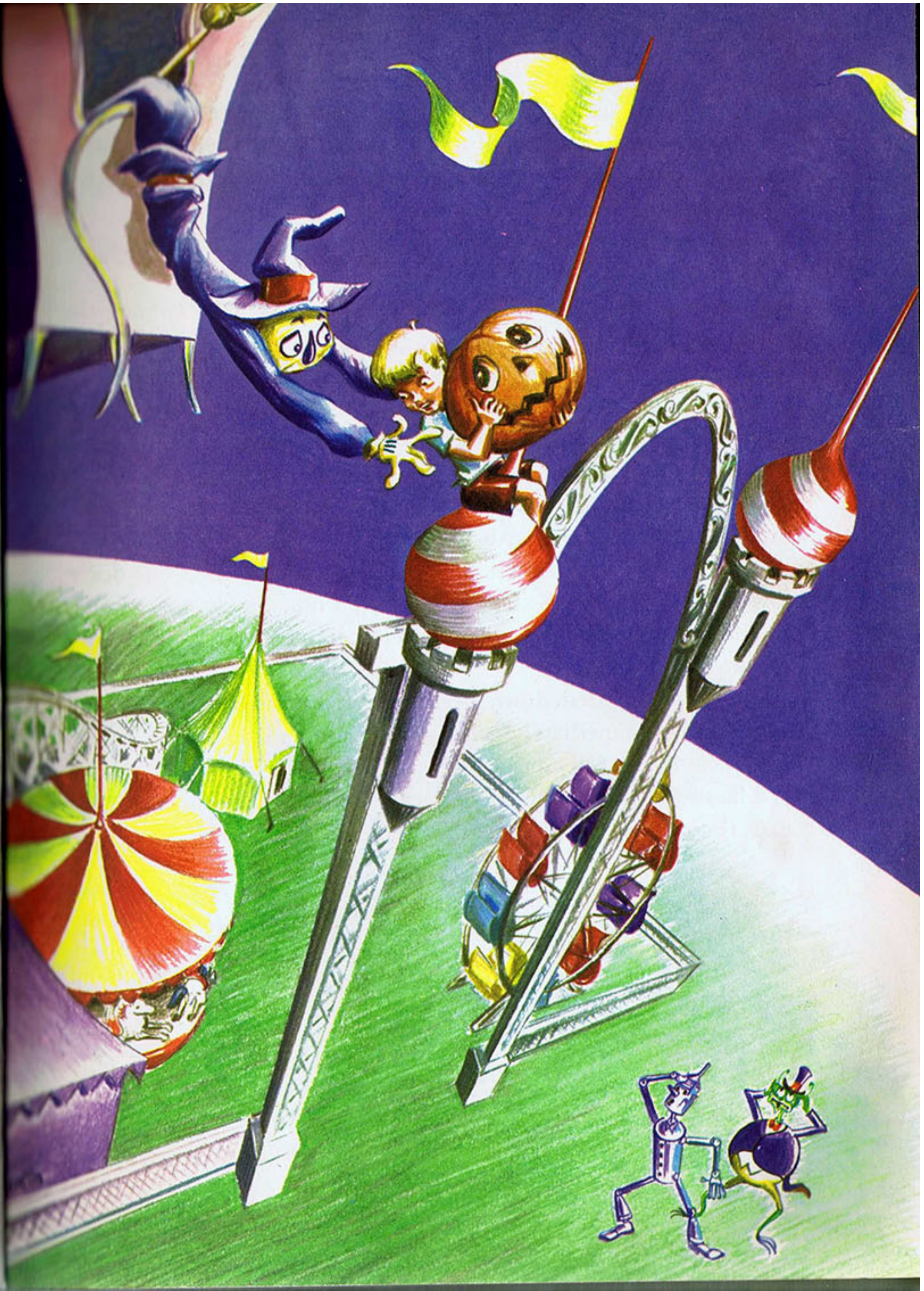
But the quick-witted Scarecrow rose from the back seat, and although he could not reach close enough to Jack's flying head to catch it, he was able to give it a nudge with the tips of his straw-stuffed fingers, much as one might nudge a basketball, and Jack's head went sailing towards the golden flagpole on the nearest gate, where it stuck as neatly as if it had been designed for that very place. There was Jack's head, smiling into space from the top of the flagpole, while the flag blew and rustled below like a brightly colored scarf.



The roller-coaster stopped at the bottom of its last long slide, and the little party of adventurers hurried to alight. The Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow helped Jack, for of course the poor fellow could not see where he was going, though he assured them that the view from the top of the flagpole was delightful.

"But please get me down," he called as they seated his body once more on the back of the Sawhorse. "It's very tippy up here. Oh dear, what a wind!"

Indeed, the pumpkinhead was



wobbling in the most alarming manner, and each time the flag blew, Jack's head threatened to fall to the ground. Jimmy, who was always very quick and clever, ran to the gate and in a jiffy climbed on top of it and began to shinny up the pole.

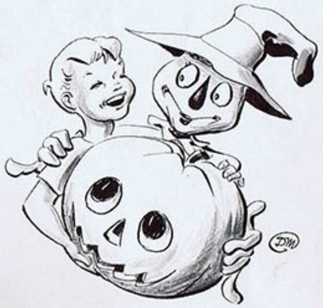
"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Tin Woodman, "he'll be killed! He is not indestructible as we Oz people are!"

"I believe," said Professor Wogglebug gravely, "that among the mortals little boys are always very good at climbing." But even he looked anxious, for he realized that while Jimmy Jones might reach the top of the pole, it would be almost impossible for him to get down or even to hang on, since he would have to use one hand to hold the pumpkinhead.

But just as Jimmy tucked the pumpkinhead under his arm and, clinging to the flagpole with his other hand, suddenly realized his predicament, he felt himself gently seized from behind. The Scarecrow had run to the Gump, which had immediately soared into the air, and now Jimmy found himself safely reclining on the soft cushions.

The Gump drifted down beside the group on the ground, and the Sawhorse immediately galloped to Jimmy's side so that Jimmy himself could carefully set Jack's head back on its neck.

"Thank you very much," said Jack gratefully. "I am sorry I lost my head. I'm certainly glad to be myself again."



HOW THE TRAVELERS TOLD THEIR TALES

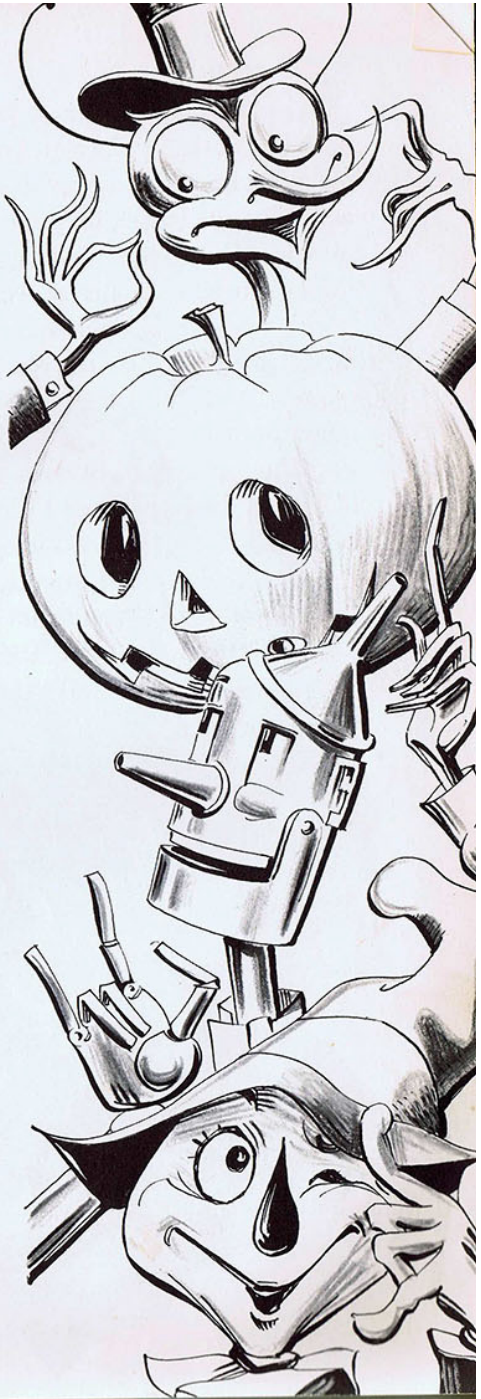
THE travelers were quite exhausted from excitement and were glad to rest for a moment on the comfortable cushions of the Gump. Jack sat quietly on the Sawhorse, which always seemed to have plenty of thoughts of its own to keep itself occupied.

"Tell me," Jimmy asked the Scarecrow, "are you stuffed with straw?" For Jimmy had noticed how pleasantly his new friend crinkled when he moved.

"Indeed I am," replied the Scarecrow proudly. "The very finest straw—changed regularly."

"But how do you happen to be alive?" asked Jimmy curiously.

"In Oz, everything lives that can be useful by being alive. I don't know precisely what use I am," continued the Scarecrow modestly, "but things seem to keep turning up for me to do. For instance, if I had not tried to catch Jack's head just now, it might have fallen to the ground and be good for nothing but pumpkin pie."

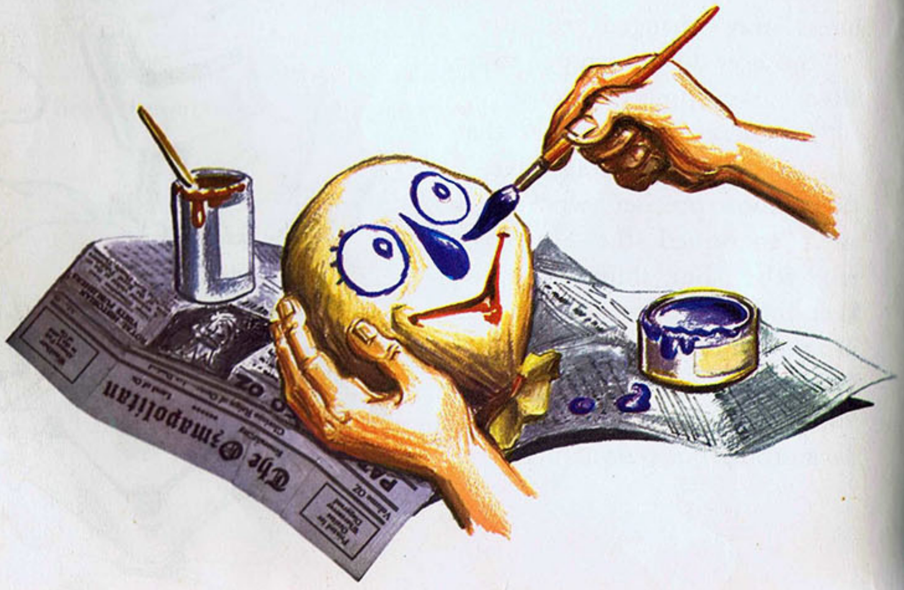


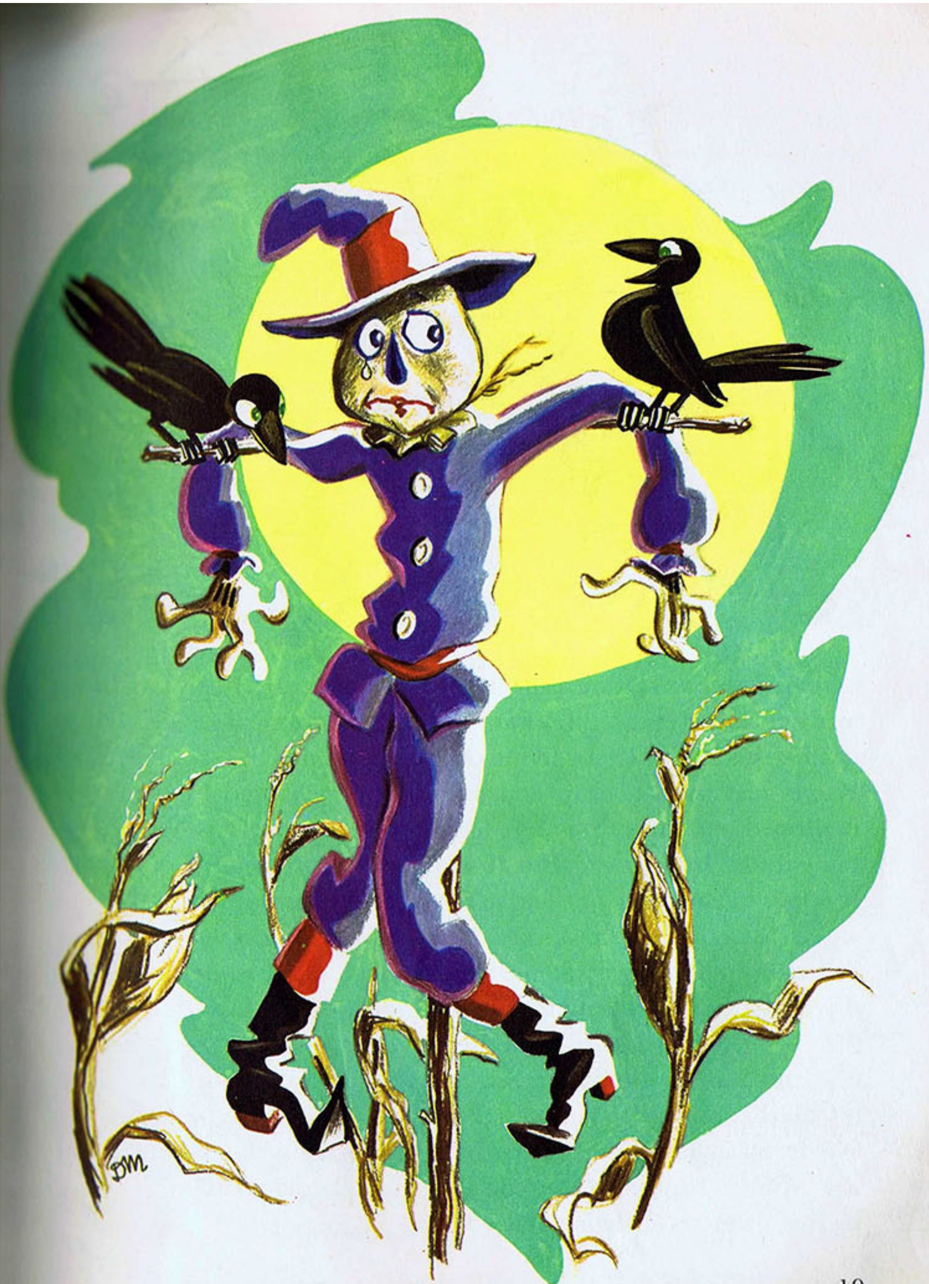
"Yes indeed," remarked Jack feelingly.

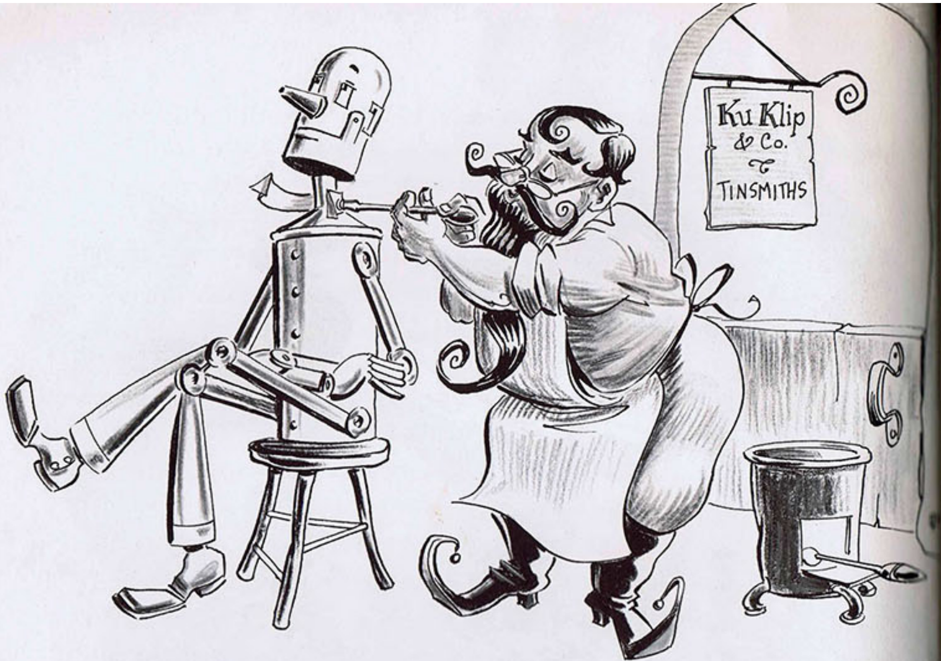
"I was made by a farmer," said the Scarecrow, "who planned to use me to frighten crows away from his crops. The first thing I remember is hearing the farmer breathing. He had asthma, and he was painting my ears. Then he painted my eyes, and I looked out at the world and saw how bright and pretty everything was. But after the farmer stuck me on a pole in his cornfield, there was nothing for me to see but the people passing by on the road, and nothing for me to hear but the crows cawing and flapping away. After a while, some of the older crows even became used to me and spoke to me pleasantly while they dug up kernels of corn at my feet. It was a lonely life until one day when a kind-hearted little girl named Dorothy came by and took me down off the pole and set me free."

Jimmy had listened intently to the Scarecrow's story, and now he turned to the Tin Woodman. "Did the farmer make you, too?"

"No, indeed," replied the Tin Woodman. "I am not nearly







as remarkable a creature as my friend the Scarecrow. Instead of being made of this splendid tin, I was once an ordinary meat person. I lived in a forest and earned my living chopping wood. There was a Wicked Witch who lived nearby, and one day she enchanted my axe so that it slipped and cut off my left leg. No one in our magic Land of Oz can ever be hurt or die, but it was very inconvenient for a woodchopper to have only one leg, so I went to a tinsmith and had a new leg made from tin. The Wicked Witch, however, was angry that her evil charm had only made me a better man, so she caused my axe to slip again and cut off my right leg. A second time I went to the tinsmith and he made me another leg out of tin. After this, the enchanted axe cut off my arms, one after the other but I had them replaced at once with tin ones. Finally, the Wicked Witch made the axe cut off my head, and at first I thought that was the end of me, but the tinsmith happened to come along, and, being proud of his work by that time, he made me a new head.

"I thought I had beaten the Wicked Witch then, but I little knew how cruel a witch can be. She made my axe slip so that it cut right through my body, splitting me in two halves. Once more the tinsmith came to my help and made me a body of tin, fastening my tin arms and legs and head to it by means of joints, so that I could move around as well as ever. Thus I became the fortunate person you now see. But one day I was careless and went out to cut wood in the rain. My tin joints rusted so terribly that I could not move, and I had to stand motionless all alone in the forest until I was saved by the same little Dorothy who rescued my friend the Scarecrow."

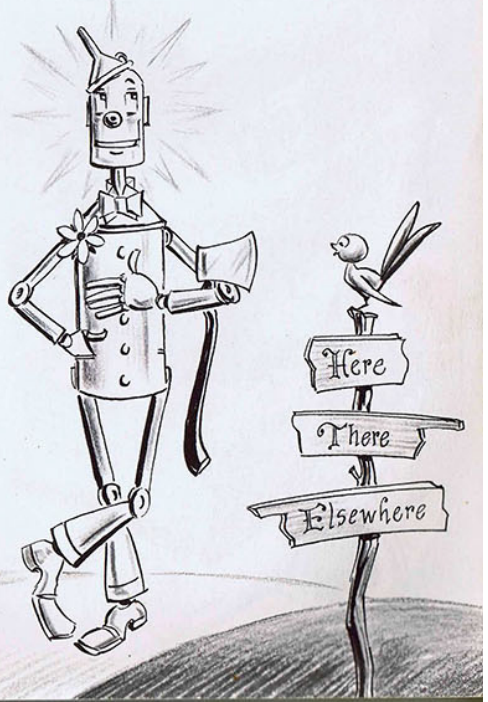
"Golly," said Jimmy. "Are you rusty now?" he asked anxiously. He was thinking how dingy old tin cans become.

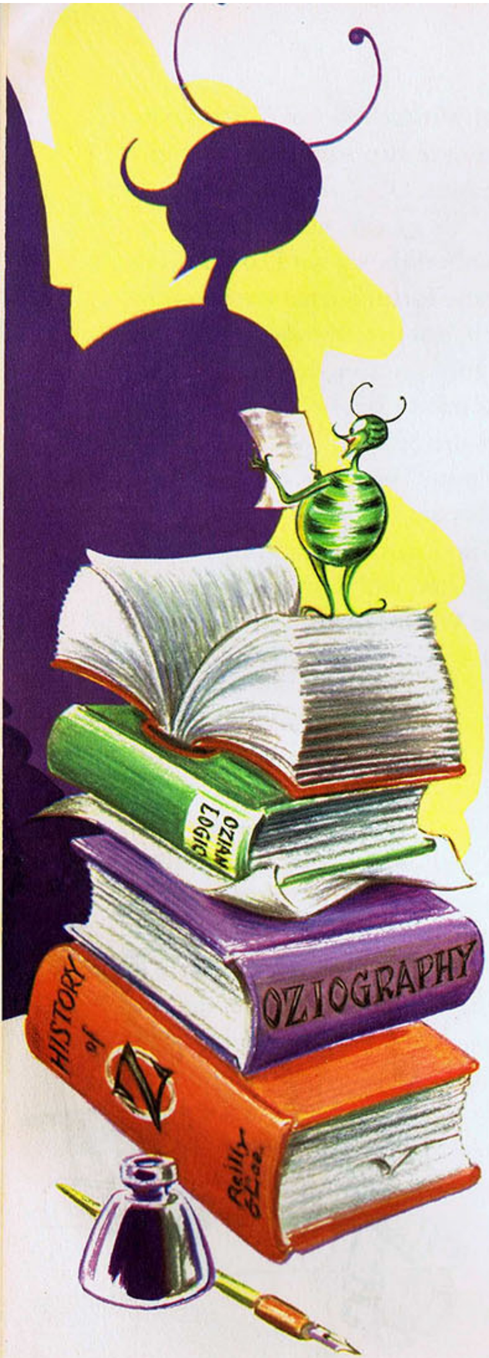
"Certainly not," replied the Tin Woodman with dignity. "I am very careful always to keep brightly polished with a super-magic polish invented for me by my friend the Wizard of Oz. I oil my joints every morning." So saying, he produced a small, shiny tin oilcan and carefully oiled his knees.

Professor Wogglebug had been looking at Jimmy approvingly. "Boys who ask questions," he remarked, "always grow wise."

"Jimmy has a fine set of brains," agreed the Strawman.

"It is more important," said the Tin Woodman, "to have a good heart. Look how he climbed that flagpole to rescue Jack! You, friend Scarecrow, have your excellent brains mixed by special formula and put into your head by our great Wizard of Oz. But I have the tender, pure silk heart which the





Wizard himself assured me, when he put it into my chest, was the very kindest heart he could make."

"Will pumpkin seeds do for brains?" asked Jack from where he sat on the Sawhorse.

"You should not interrupt," observed the Wogglebug gravely. "Jack and our noble Sawhorse and this excellent flying steed, the Gump, are merely manufactured articles, so to speak, and were brought to life by use of a magic powder. Sometimes, I must admit, I wonder whether it was entirely wise."

"Humph," snorted the Sawhorse, and gave Professor Wogglebug a scornful look from his upcast eyes, which were two knots of wood close to the top of his head. "Horse-Sense is better any day than all that education."

"How did you get so educated?" Jimmy asked the Wogglebug. "You look like a very big bug to me."

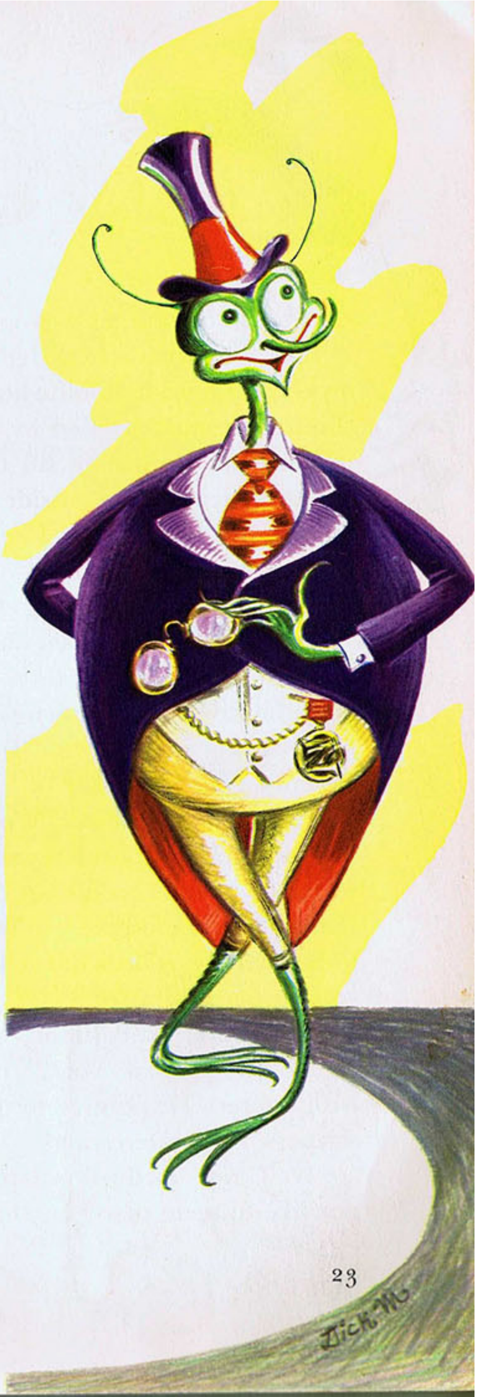
"Why, so I am," replied the Wogglebug, pleased. "That is why I always place the initials H.M. before my name. H.M. refers to my super-gigantic state, and means 'Highly Magnified.' Permit me to give you my card." He took from his vest pocket an elegant white calling card, which he handed to Jimmy. "Professor H.M. Wogglebug, T.E.," he read to Jimmy aloud.

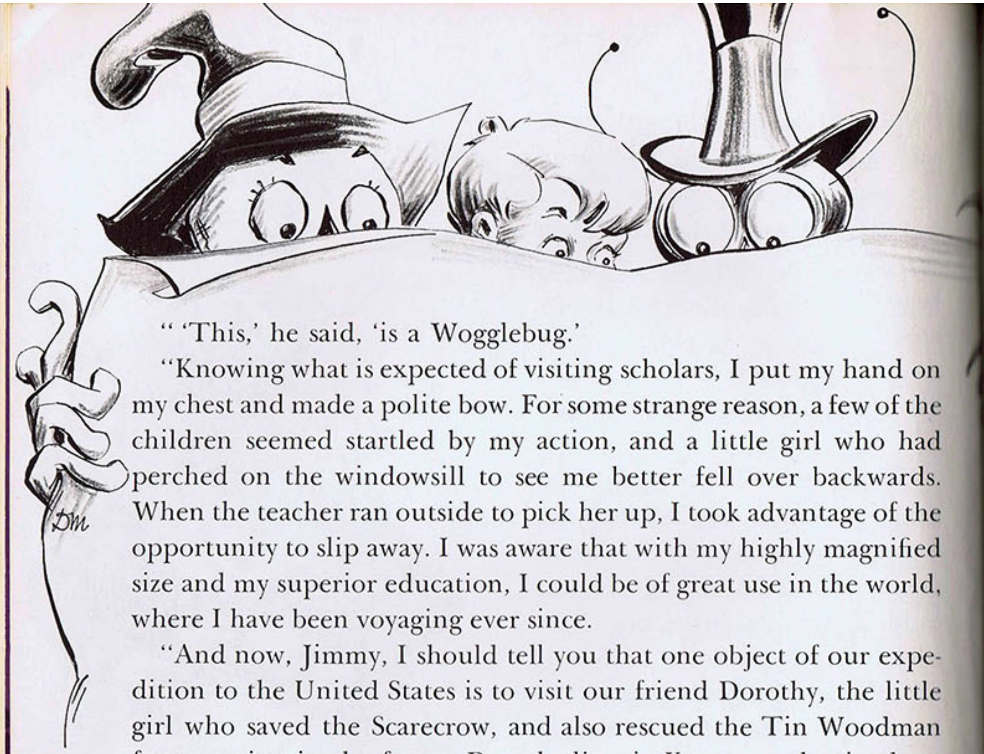
"What does the T.E. stand for, Professor?" Jimmy asked respectfully.

"T.E. means Thoroughly Educated. I should explain to you, Jimmy, how it is possible to rise in the world by education. I was once only a humble little bug who merely happened to be born in a schoolroom, but not one of the boys or girls listened to the teacher more carefully than I. One day, as I crawled across a desk to look more closely at an open book, the teacher saw me and promoted me to my present pinnacle of greatness.

"He held me up on his finger and said to the class, 'Do any of you know what this is?'

"They didn't, because they could barely see me. So the teacher put me under a microscope and showed me to them on a big screen at the front of the room.





" 'This,' he said, 'is a Wogglebug.'

"Knowing what is expected of visiting scholars, I put my hand on my chest and made a polite bow. For some strange reason, a few of the children seemed startled by my action, and a little girl who had perched on the windowsill to see me better fell over backwards. When the teacher ran outside to pick her up, I took advantage of the opportunity to slip away. I was aware that with my highly magnified size and my superior education, I could be of great use in the world, where I have been voyaging ever since.

"And now, Jimmy, I should tell you that one object of our expedition to the United States is to visit our friend Dorothy, the little girl who saved the Scarecrow, and also rescued the Tin Woodman from rusting in the forest. Dorothy lives in Kansas, so that is where we must go."

With that, Professor Wogglebug reached into a shiny green leather briefcase at his feet and pulled out a brightly colored folder, which he opened on his lap. "The Wizard gave me this map of the United States before we left. It indicates clearly where Kansas is, but, unfortunately, it does not tell where *we* are at this moment. Could you please show us?"

"New York," said Jimmy.

"So this is New York," replied the Wogglebug, looking up with interest. He pointed to the gates. "Those, of course, are the skyscrapers. How interesting!"

"Well, not 'zactly skyscrapers," protested Jimmy, though he did not like to seem to say anything uncomplimentary to the Playland Amusement Park. "I meant New York *State*, not New York *City*."

"Is New York State near the State of Kansas?" inquired the Scarecrow.

Jimmy leaned over. On the wall of his bedroom hung a map which his father had put there some time ago, so he was quite familiar with where most of the states were. The Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow and Professor Wogglebug watched closely to see where Jimmy would point. "This is us in New York," he said at last. "And here is Kansas."

"Thank you," returned the Wogglebug politely. "We must go West it seems."

"Let's not," interrupted the Gump suddenly in a high squeaky voice. "I don't like this country. Let's go home."

But no one paid any attention. The Scarecrow assisted Jimmy to the ground, and Jimmy helped to push and tumble the Sawhorse and Jack Pumpkinhead back on board. The little party of Oz travelers leaned over the sides to wave goodbye as the Gump fluttered its palm-leaf wings and began to rise from the ground.

"Which way?" he inquired sulkily, twisting his stuffed Gump's head around to stare reproachfully at Jimmy.

"West," instructed the Wogglebug. "Fly West."

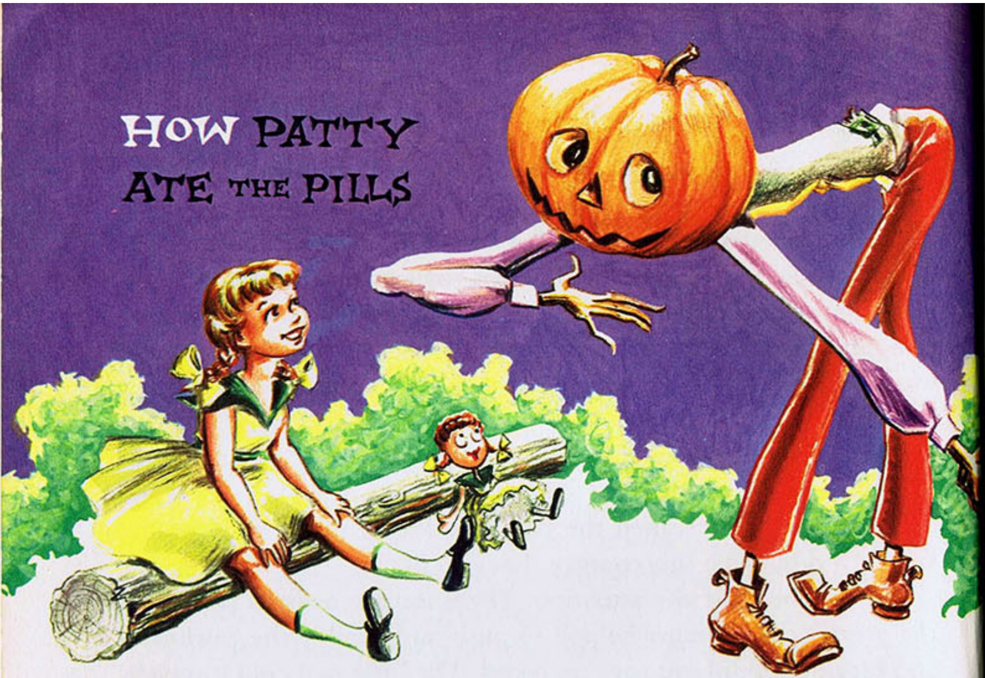
"Goodbye, Jimmy!" called the Scarecrow.

"Goodbye," called Jimmy. He stood looking up and waving until his new friends were out of sight.

"Golly!" he said to himself. "I hope they get there!"

He walked across to the merry-go-round and stood leaning on his favorite painted wooden horse. "Oh well," he said at last. "Wherever they get to, it's bound to be *somewhere*."

HOW PATTY ATE THE PILLS



PATRICIA PARTRIDGE, whom all her friends called Patty, was sitting on a log by the edge of a road one day, when she glanced up and saw standing before her a friendly stranger, whose head was a large smiling pumpkin.

"Good morning," said Jack Pumpkinhead, bowing awkwardly, "May I ask whether or not this is Kansas?"

"No, sir, this is Virginia," replied Patty, scrambling to her feet, for like all little girls in that part of the United States, she was very polite.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Jack. "The Gump must have mixed up its directions! We wanted to go West, but we suddenly noticed we were going South."

"This *is* the South," returned Patty, who was extremely proud of the fact. She was looking at Jack with interest, but quite without surprise, for Patty was a wise little girl who believed in elves and gnomes and visitors from other planets and had always expected to meet such creatures some day.

"Are you from Mars?" she asked.

"Mars?" returned Jack. "Where's that? We're from the magic Land of Oz."

"Magic!" exclaimed Patty, clapping her hands. "Oh, sir, would you please help me?"

"Help you what?" inquired Jack. The little girl had brown eyes and red pigtails and a really enchanting smile.

"I want to be bigger," sighed Patty. "You just have no idea how much I want to grow bigger. I am the littlest girl in my class. I have to walk at the head of the line."

"Splendid," commented Jack, nodding, "you can see everything that way."

"And my Cousin Betty, who is just my same age, is taller than I am. Whenever she outgrows her clothes, I have to wear them."

"Very convenient," remarked Jack approvingly.

"But I don't *want* to wear them!" exclaimed Patty. "I want my *own* clothes! And I don't *want* to walk at the head of the line! I feel conspic—conspic—conspic-u-ous!"

"Gracious!" exclaimed Jack, who had no idea what conspic—whatever-it-was meant. "How dreadful!"

"It is!" cried Patty, glad that the stranger was seeing things her way at last. "Please, sir, won't you help me grow?"

"Help you grow?" asked Jack. "Oh, is *that* what you want?" He

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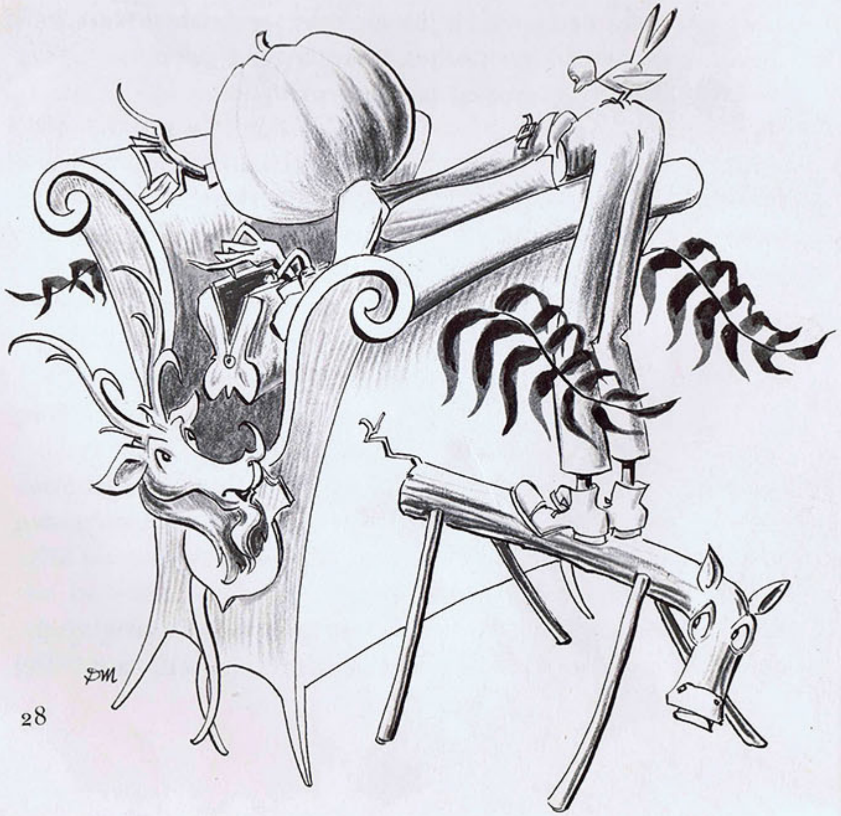
turned and went back down the road, while Patty stood gazing after him.

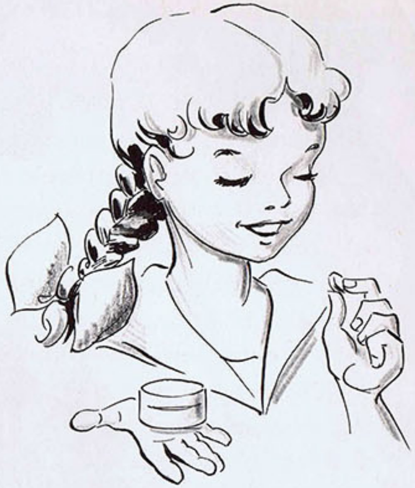
Now just around the corner in a tobacco field was the Gump, waiting alone with the Sawhorse, while the others had scattered in hopes of finding an Inhabitant from whom to ask the way. Jack reached over the side of the creature and got the Wogglebug's briefcase.

"Let's go back to Oz," urged the Gump in his squeaky voice as Jack rummaged through the professor's case.

"Please be quiet," rebuked Jack severely. "I am doing an errand for an Inhabitant. Ah, here it is," he said, "I knew I saw it in here someplace."

With that he took a little box out of the briefcase and hurried back





up the road, leaving the Gump waggling his chin-whiskers in distress. The Gump did not like being left all alone in the middle of a strange field with only the Sawhorse for company. With all his Gumpish might he was wishing he were back at Ozma's castle, with the sofas which made up his body set properly in the great entrance hall, and his broomstick tail back in the kitchen closet, and his Gump's head over the fireplace, where it belonged, and where he could watch the comings and goings of the wizards and witches and other normal Oz people, instead of wondering where he was in an unknown land full of unknown and possibly dangerous Inhabitants.

Meanwhile, Jack had returned to the little girl, who was looking up expectantly.

"Here you are," Jack told her happily. "Professor Wogglebug's Guaranteed Growing Pills—the pink ones make you grow, and the blue ones make you shrink. Have a pink one. Do."

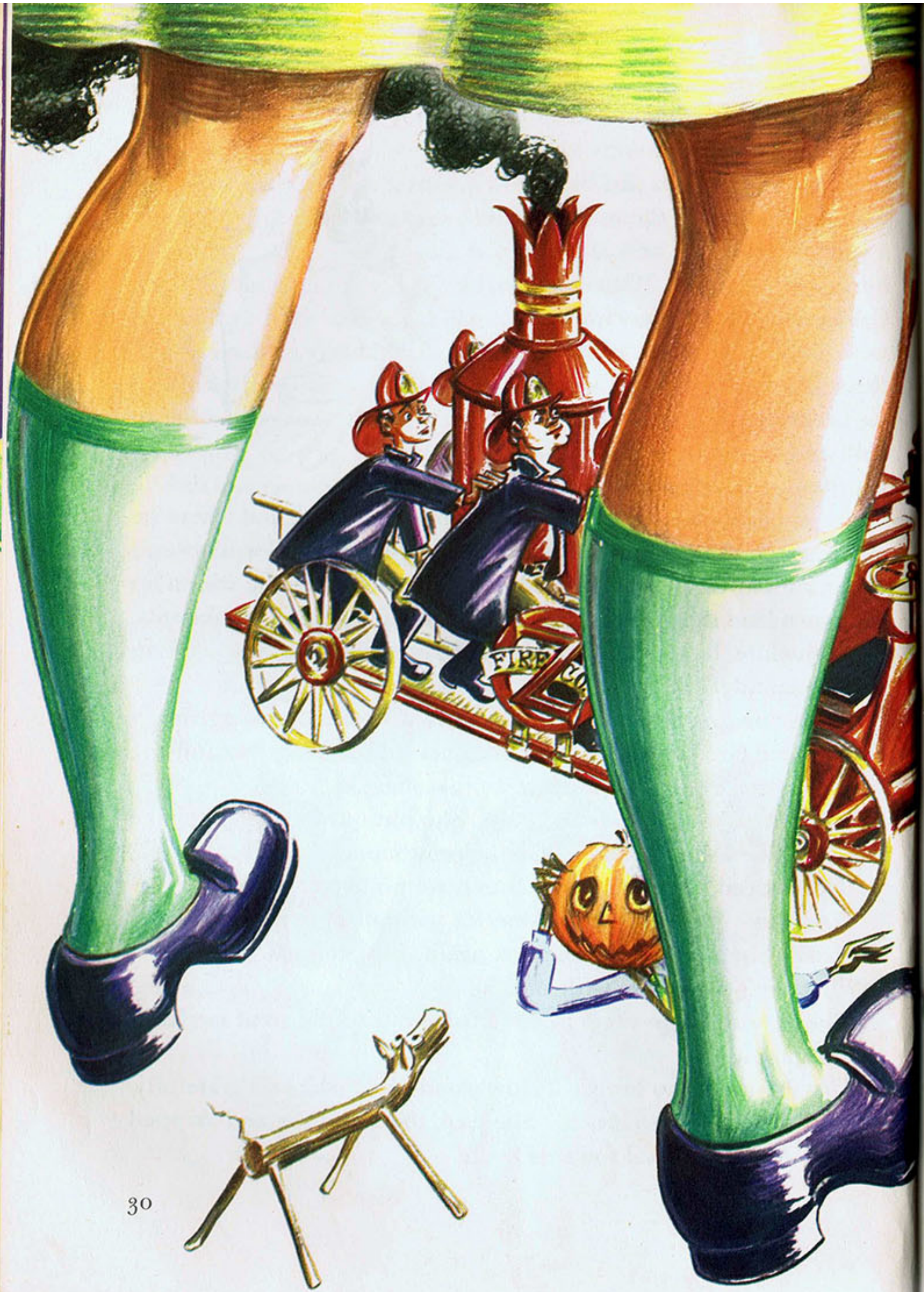
"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Patty. She put out her hand to take the box. Then she hesitated. "Do they cost money?"

"No, indeed," replied Jack. "In Oz we no longer use money."

"You can't get anything in America without money," said Patty solemnly. She reached for the box again, but stopped once more. "Will my clothes grow with me?"

"To be sure," answered Jack. "That is one of the great merits of the magic pills."

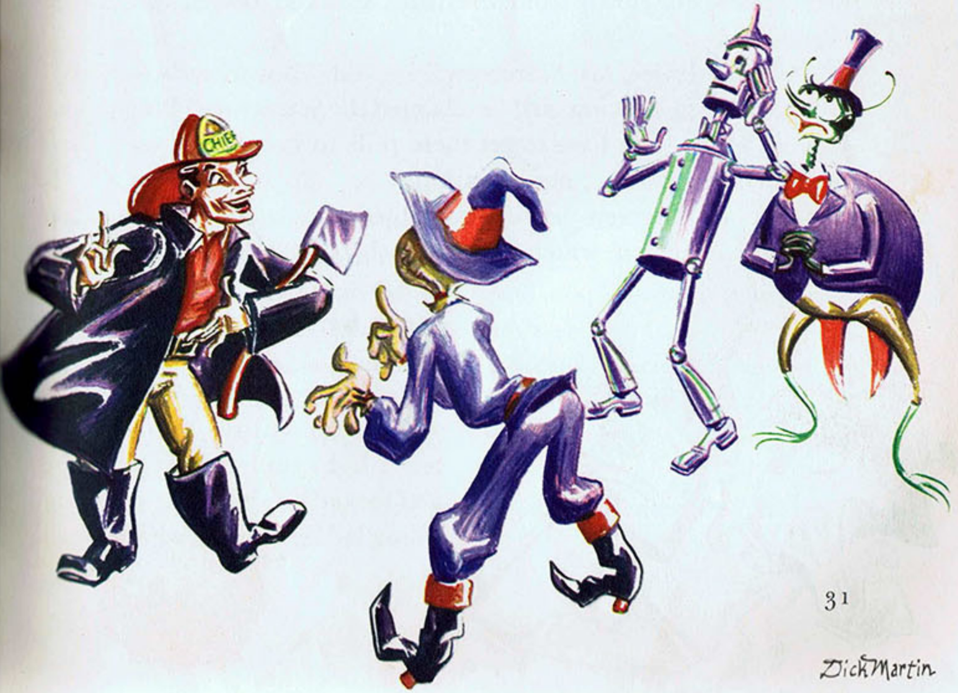
Patty hesitated no longer. "How wonderful!" she said gratefully. "Oh, sir, thank you so much!" She took the little box and skipped joyfully down the road towards home.



Patty ate the first pink pill just as she was turning into the lane which led to her house. "I don't notice any change yet," she said to herself. She shook the little box. There were four pills of each color. She reached for the other three pink ones—and SHE ATE THEM ALL!!!

Before she realized what had happened, she found that she was tall enough to look over the high hedge beside the lane. Before she could even think, she was looking down into the top of a large holly tree. Then suddenly her head was above the tops of houses, and her feet were so large that the lane would not hold them both and she had to put one back into the road. And then came a great disaster. She dropped the pills! The little box fell so far away among the trees at her feet that she could not find it.

The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman and the Wogglebug were coming back from their unsuccessful search for someone to direct them, when suddenly the Tin Woodman glanced up into the sky.



"It's raining," he said, wiping his joints in alarm.

"It's a giantess!" said the Scarecrow, leaning back and looking up. "It's a giantess crying!" For Patty, who by now was as big as a small mountain, had begun to weep.

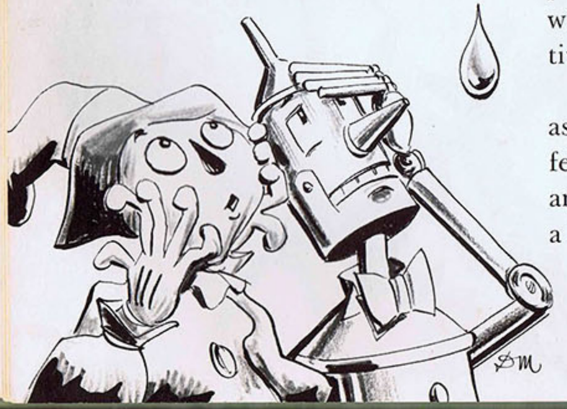
Professor Wogglebug stooped and picked up the little white box lying on the road. "Goodness!" he exclaimed. "It's my Guaranteed Growing Pills. Jack must have given them to an Inhabitant! And here are the shrinking pills still in the box! I say," he shouted and held up the little box as far as he could. "You up there! She is so far away she can't even hear," he said in despair.

But the Scarecrow had taken out his pocket handkerchief and dropped it on the road. He was leaning over it, making quick but careful magic passes with the stuffed white cotton gloves which served him as hands. From under the handkerchief, there suddenly rolled a tiny red firetruck, which began to grow. It grew, and grew, until it was one of the biggest, shiniest firetrucks you ever saw. The fire captain got down from the front seat and bowed low to the Scarecrow.

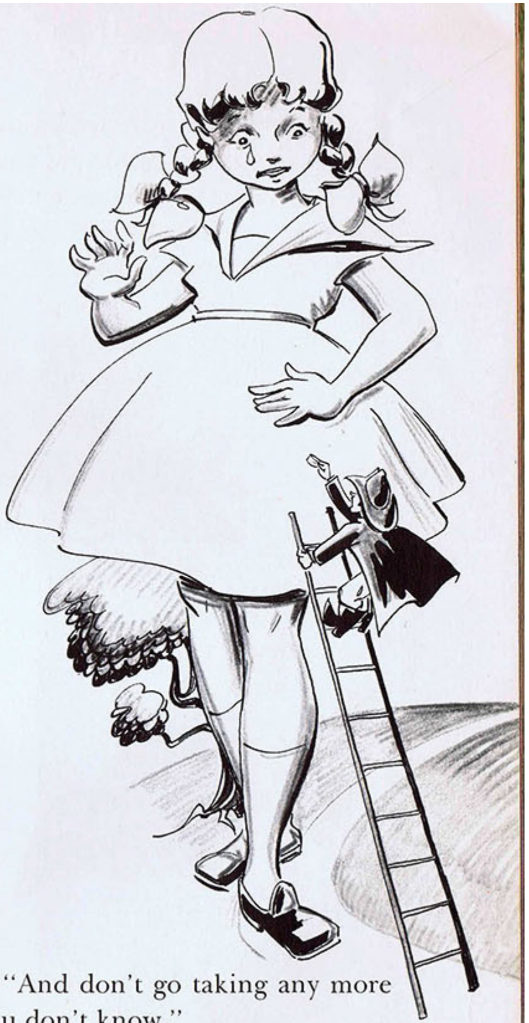
"At your service, Mr. Scarecrow," he said. "But where's the fire?"

"Not a fire, a growing girl!" exclaimed the Scarecrow. "Put up your ladders. Hurry! We have to get these pills to her right away. Turn on your siren! Attract her attention!"

While six firemen hastily assembled the ladders, the captain turned on the siren, which blew such a blast that the Tin Woodman put his fingers in his tin ears, which were naturally very sensitive.



Poor Patty heard the siren only as a distant whistle, but soon she felt a light nudge near her knee and looked down. There on top of a long ladder she saw what looked like a miniature fireman holding out a tiny white box. She realized at once what box it must be, and seizing it as well as she could between her enormous fingers, she tumbled all four of the tiny blue shrinking pills quickly into her mouth.



Smaller and smaller grew Patty. Soon she was no bigger than a tall tree. A minute later she was the same size as the Scarecrow and the Woodman and the Wogglebug, who crowded around her.

"Are you all right?" asked the Tin Man, whose soft heart made him particularly anxious about the pretty little girl.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Patty, gazing round-eyed from one to another of the strange creatures.

"Then you better run on home," said the Scarecrow looking down at her and smiling, for Patty had now reached her normal size. "And don't go taking any more pills offered to you by someone you don't know."

"Oh, no, sir," exclaimed Patty. "Never! It's worse to be too big than to be too small."

"Just a minute, please," said the Wogglebug. "Where is Kansas from here?"

"Kansas?" asked Patty, still staring in amazement. "That's out West."

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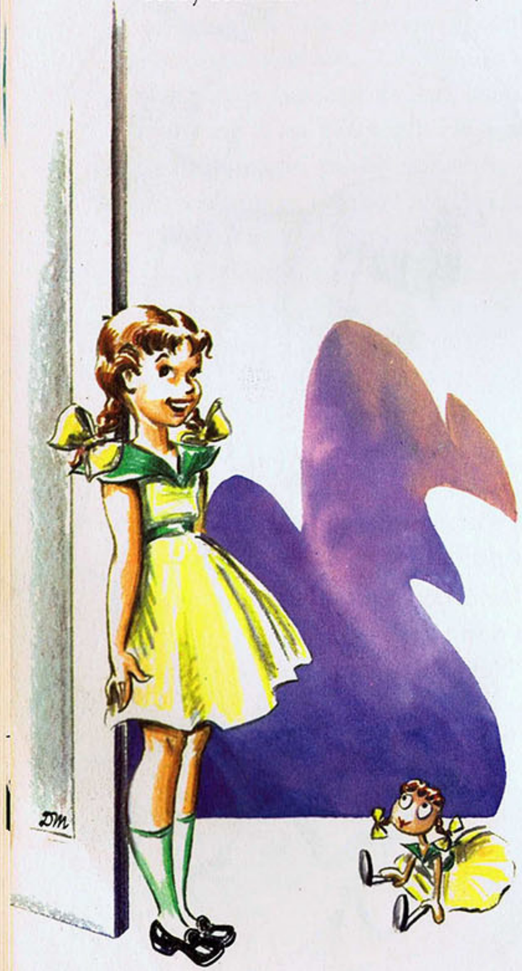
"Well, my dear," returned the Wogglebug, "you have had quite an adventure, and I am sure you learned something today, but as far as we are concerned we seem to be no better off than we were before."

So our friends said goodbye to Patty and went on down the road, where they flew away in the Gump again and the Scarecrow scolded Jack Pumpkinhead.

Jack, however, apologized so humbly that the Wogglebug was sorry for him. "Never mind," he said. "The little girl has had a fine lesson. She is glad now to be the size that nature made her, and she has lost her discontent."

Perhaps it was just as well that the Professor could not see Patty at that moment. For Patty was standing in her kitchen, eagerly measuring herself by the marks on the pantry door, and she could see very clearly that she was at least a half inch taller than the topmost mark. Of course it was several months since she had last been measured, but ever after, Patty was positive that the magic shrinking pills had not worked as well as the magic growing pills, and that the strangers from the Land of Oz had helped her to get her wish. And perhaps she was right, because the very next time she had to try on Cousin Betty's old clothes, they were much too small.



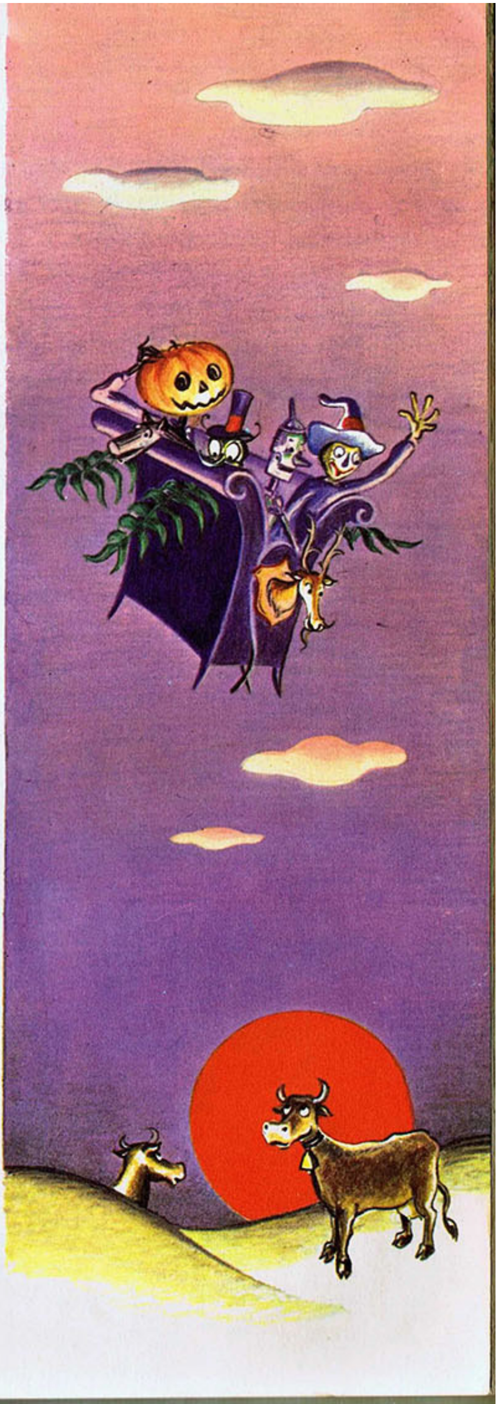
HOW THE PUMPKINHEAD SWAPPED THE SAWHORSE

OUR TRAVELERS flew steadily all night, for not being made of flesh and blood, they never had to sleep. Only the Wogglebug put his head back on the soft cushions of the Gump and had a little insect-nap in the moonlight. The next morning, they looked over the sides and saw that they were flying over flat country, with no trees or bushes, and only here and there a scattering of tall prickly cactus, near which herds of cattle appeared to be breakfasting heartily on gray-green grass.

"Not many people around here, Wog," said the Scarecrow to the Wogglebug. "I wonder if it's Kansas. But wait. Here's a town."

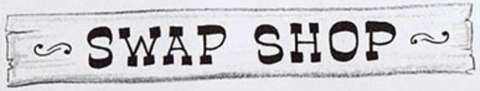
So our friends landed once again and separated to ask their way, leaving the Gump to grumble in another lonely field.

Jack Pumpkinhead rode the Sawhorse, for he had noticed from above that most of the town's few Inhabitants seemed to be on horseback in the narrow streets, and he



was sure that no one could have a finer steed than he. He had gone only a short distance, however, before he stopped in front of a store window. Inside was an old leather saddle, with a high back, that was almost like a chair.

"How splendid!" sighed Jack, who had never seen a Western saddle before. "Just what I need." But he was remembering sorrowfully that the little girl had told him no one could have anything in the United States without money. Just then, however, he noticed that over the door of the shop hung a sign saying:



"Good!" exclaimed Jack aloud. "Perhaps I can swap something for that nice saddle."

So he boldly rode the Sawhorse through the doorway, and the clatter of wooden hoofs brought a scowling little man in thick glasses hurrying from the rear of the store.

"Hey there, cowboy!" angrily cried the little man peering nearsightedly at Jack in the gloomy room. "Don't you know better than to ride your horse into a respectable swap shop?"

"No, indeed," replied Jack. "If I knew better, I wouldn't do such a thing."

"Don't be fresh," growled the storekeeper as he squinted at Jack. The truth was that he did not see at all well, and in the dusk he mistook Jack for a cowboy in from the back country to spend his pay.

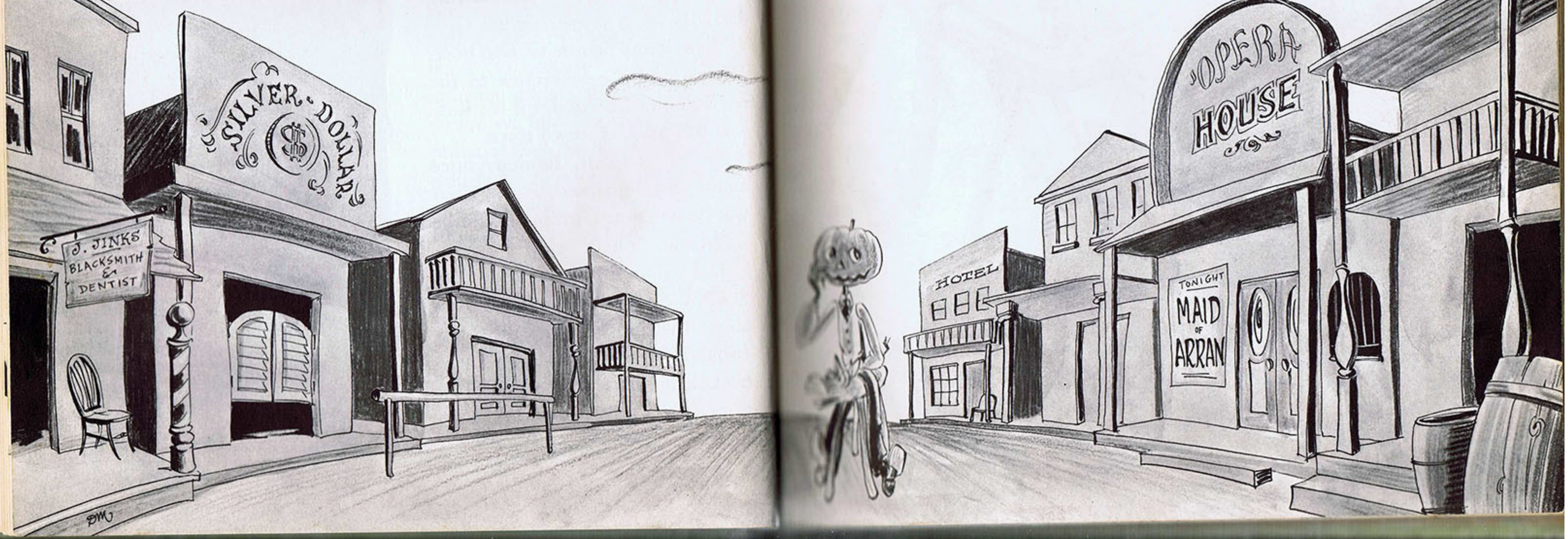
"Fresh!" exclaimed Jack Pumpkinhead. "Of course I'm fresh. My very life depends on keeping my head fresh as long as possible."

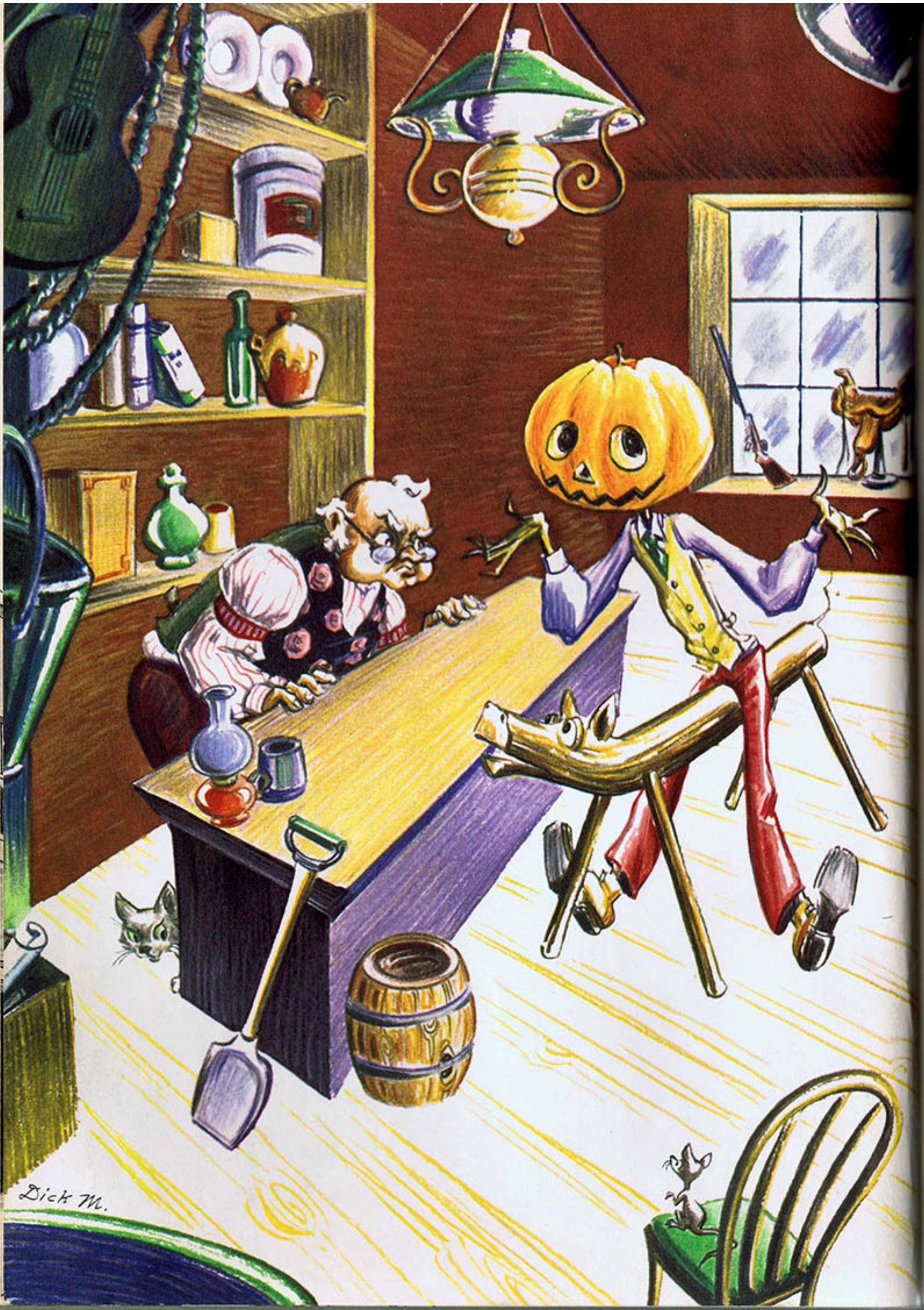
"Well, don't be fresh in here," grunted the little man disagreeably. "What do you want? Be quick about it."

"I would like to have the saddle in the window," said Jack.

"What have you got to swap?" asked the little man.

Jack slapped his pockets and found them empty. But he happened to be wearing a very fine green necktie. Now of all things in





the world, what Jack himself liked best was to have a new necktie. He thought perhaps the little man felt the same way.

"Would you like to have my necktie?" he asked.

"Necktie!" cried the little man. "Do you think I would swap that saddle for a necktie? You're crazy, cowboy! You must be suffering from softening of the brain!"

"Oh no, I don't think so," protested Jack, feeling his head carefully. "Well, what *could* I swap for the saddle, please?"

The little man snorted. "Cowboy, you ain't got nothin' that comes anywhere near bein' as valuable as that saddle, except maybe—" he added cunningly—"your horse."

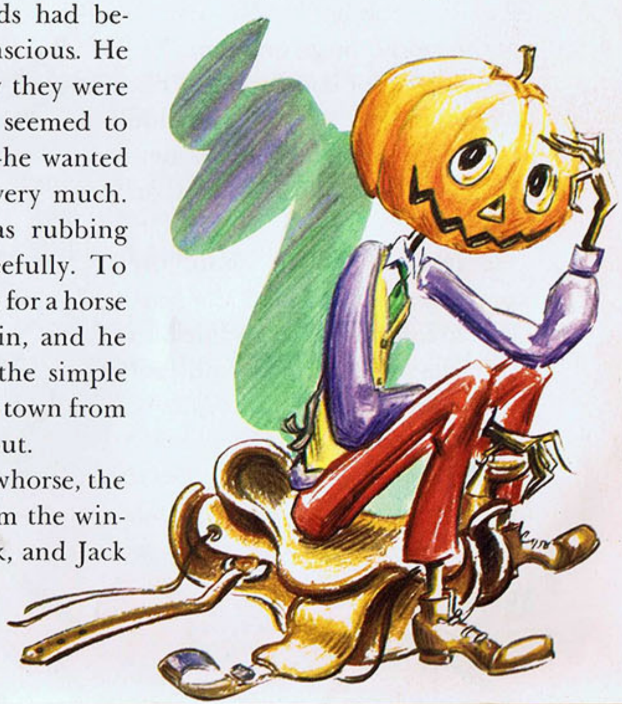
"He's a good horse," said Jack. "He can run all day, and all night, too, and never get tired."

"Izzat so?" inquired the little man with interest.

"If I give you my horse, will you give me the saddle?" asked Jack. Since the little man's remark about softening of the brain, Jack felt that his pumpkin seeds had become strangely self-conscious. He was sure that somehow they were not working well. He seemed to know only one thing—he wanted that beautiful saddle very much.

The storekeeper was rubbing his hands together gleefully. To exchange the old saddle for a horse was a very good bargain, and he dearly loved to cheat the simple cowboys who came into town from the ranches round about.

So Jack got off the Sawhorse, the man got the saddle from the window and gave it to Jack, and Jack



walked out of the shop. But as soon as he crossed the road, he realized that something was wrong. After thinking the matter over carefully, he discovered his mistake—for now, although he had a fine saddle, he no longer had his friend the Sawhorse to put under it. So Jack carried the saddle back into the store and said to the man, "Give me back my horse, and I will give you back your saddle."

"Oh no you don't!" replied the little man. "I never take back a bargain unless I get something to boot."

"A boot?" said Jack, looking around with a puzzled air. "How can I give you a boot?"

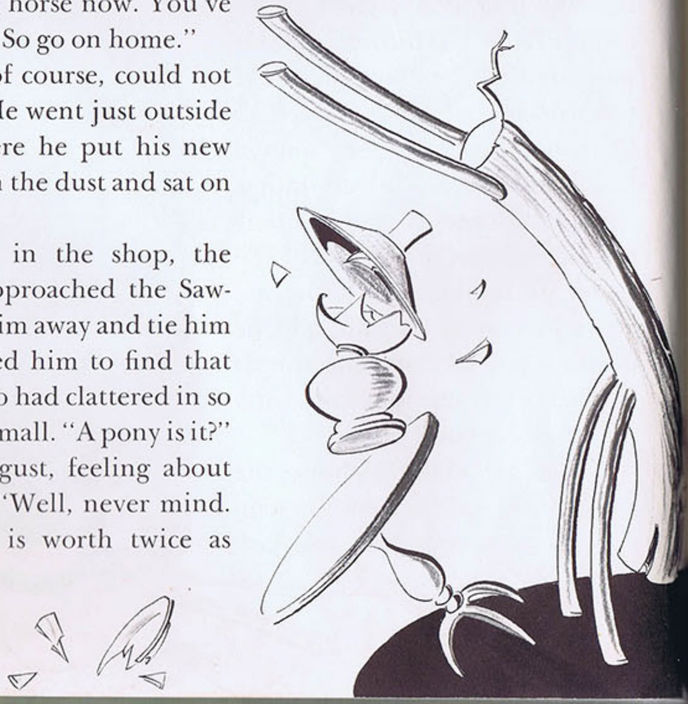
The little storekeeper laughed in a nasty way. " 'To boot' means something extra. To get back your horse and persuade me to take back my saddle will cost you exactly ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!" exclaimed Jack. "But I haven't any money—not any money at all."

The little man laughed again. "Well, cowboy, that's how it usually is. I've got the horse now. You've got the saddle. So go on home."

Poor Jack, of course, could not go on home. He went just outside the door, where he put his new saddle down in the dust and sat on it to think.

Meanwhile, in the shop, the storekeeper approached the Sawhorse to lead him away and tie him up. It surprised him to find that the animal who had clattered in so briskly was so small. "A pony is it?" he said in disgust, feeling about for the reins. "Well, never mind. Even a pony is worth twice as much as that old saddle. Come on! You're going with me."



But the Sawhorse had his own ideas. He did not at all care for what had been happening, and he had already formed his private plan for what would happen next.

"A boot you want, is it?" he said under his breath. "I'll give you a boot all right!" With that, the Sawhorse sent the little man an angry look out of his knotty eyes and kicked out with both of his hard wooden back legs.

CRASH! Down came a shelf of old bottles. BAM! Over tumbled a cabinet filled with china. **POW!** A table was knocked into kindling wood, as the Sawhorse pranced around, looking for more objects to which he could give "a boot."

The little man ran to the door. "Cowboy!" he shouted frantically. "I'll give you back your horse! Come and get the critter. He's vicious. Take him away!"

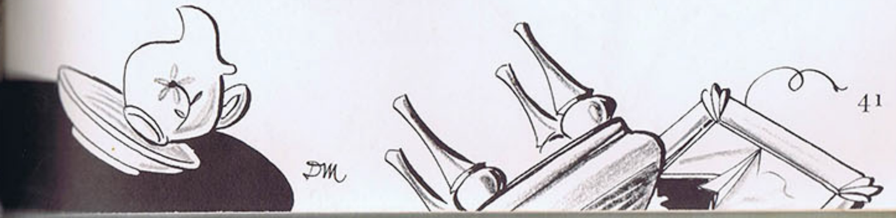
Jack came in carrying his saddle. The rest had done his pumpkin seeds a great deal of good now and he was thinking much more clearly.

"First give me money," he said, putting down the saddle, as the Sawhorse paused wickedly in front of a large stack of framed pictures.

"Give you money!" shouted the little man. "What for?"

"To boot," said Jack. "That is extra money, isn't it? When someone takes back a bargain, I mean? And you want me to take back my horse, don't you?"

"Sufflocatin' snakes!" cried the little man. "Jumpin' horny hoptoads!" He glared angrily at the Sawhorse, who glared right back and threateningly kicked over a small vase, which promptly fell to smithereens. The storekeeper reached into his pocket and flung a ten dollar bill at Jack, who caught it neatly.



"Thank you," he said, bowing politely. He smoothed the bill out and returned it to the little man with a flourish. "Now here is the ten dollars I owe you for taking back the saddle."

With that, he got quickly on the back of the Sawhorse and clattered out of the store, leaving the bewildered little man gazing at the bill he clutched in his hand.

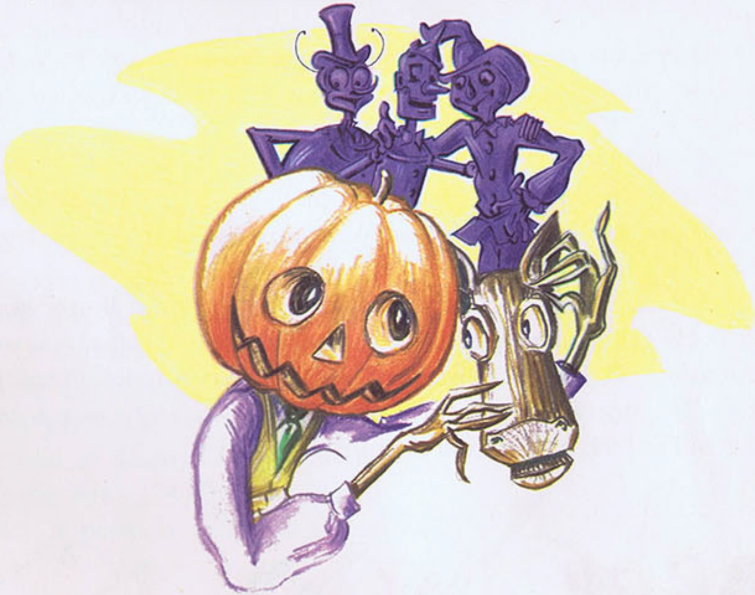
Back at the Gump, Jack found that the Wogglebug and the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow were already there.

"I met a little boy," said the Scarecrow. "He told me where we are. This is Texas."

"I met some school children," said the Wogglebug. "They told me Texas is the greatest of all the American states. More than two hundred thousand square miles."

"That's quite a state!" observed the Scarecrow, impressed.

"Quite a state indeed," remarked the Sawhorse dryly. "The Pumpkinhead and I left a man back there in quite a state ourselves. We really did. You should have seen it. Really quite a state!"

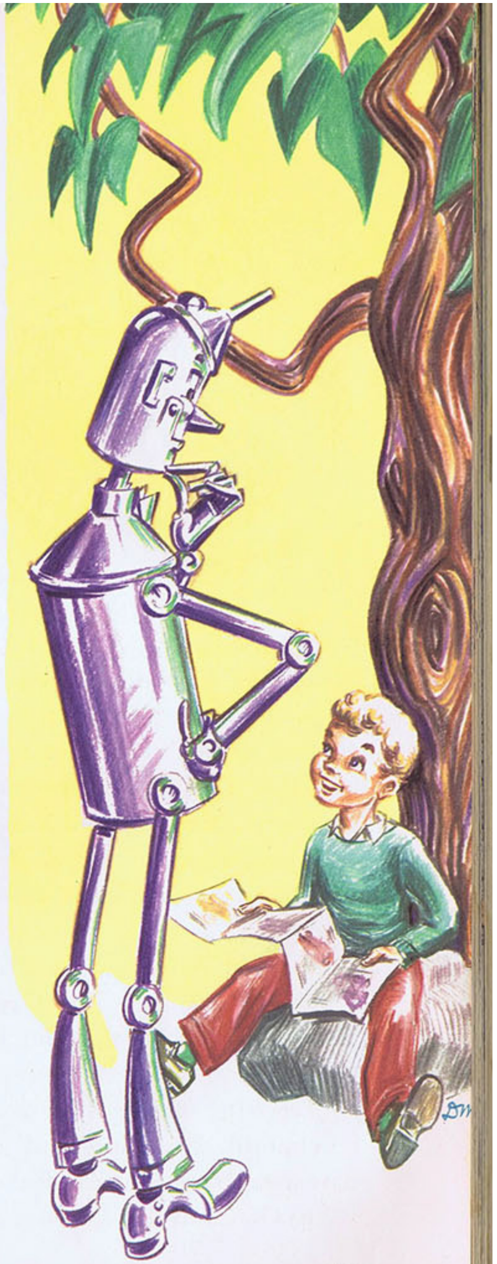


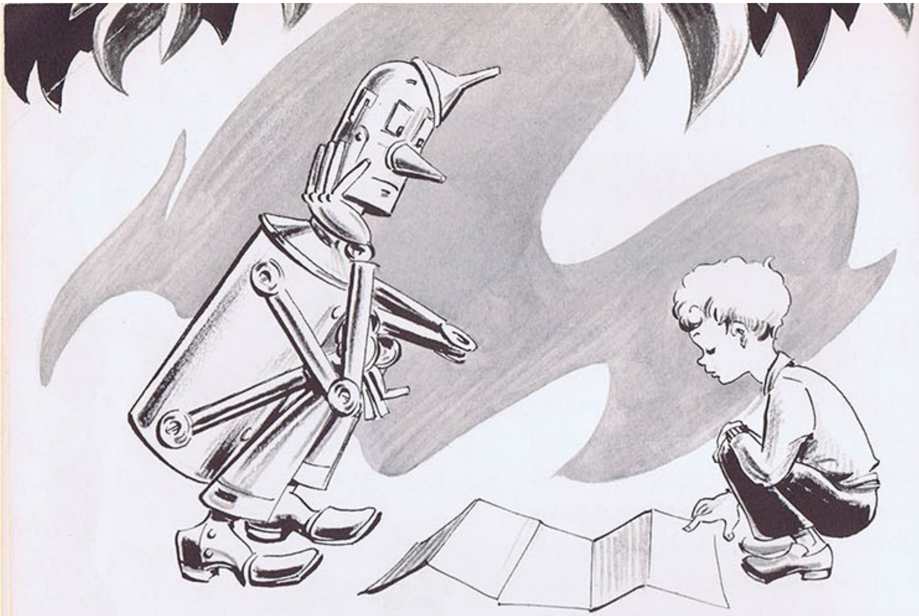
HOW THE TIN WOODMAN GRANTED TIMOTHY'S WISH

IT WAS easy for Professor Wogglebug to find Texas on the map, so our travelers knew where they were, and they took off again. They flew all day, but in the late afternoon they came down in a grove of shady eucalyptus trees, for it would soon be dusk, and they did not want to get lost again. The sudden grove of trees in this flat, grassy country made the Tin Woodman remember his home in the wooded part of the Land of Oz, so he declared that he would take a walk. Leaving his companions, he started down a shady road and soon came upon a little boy sitting on a rock and looking at a folder of brightly colored pictures.

"What are those pictures?" asked the Tin Woodman in a kindly voice, for it seemed to him that in the corners of the boy's eyes he could see traces of tears.

The little boy looked up and at once decided that he must be





dreaming. "I've fallen asleep," he said to himself as he gazed at the brightly polished Tin Man gleaming in the setting sun. "I am having another dream." For the fact was that Timothy Tompkins, which was the boy's name, was by nature very imaginative, and he frequently had long and interesting dreams, usually in color.

"*These* pictures?" asked Timothy wistfully. "They're advertisements for the new cars." He sighed. "Oh, how I wish I could have one! Look, aren't they beautiful?"

The Tin Woodman took the booklet and examined the pictures carefully. "Are they?" he asked at last. "That just shows how tastes differ from country to country. It seems to me that nearly all of them are wearing quite nasty expressions, except this little red one, which appears to be smiling. Why don't you get that one?"

Timothy shook his head sadly. "Oh, it will be years before *I* can have a car. It takes a great deal of money, and I haven't any."

"In Oz," said the Tin Woodman, "we no longer use money. Let

me see what I can do."

He took off his hat and put it down carefully on the road. He stretched out his right hand. "Abra," he said distinctly.

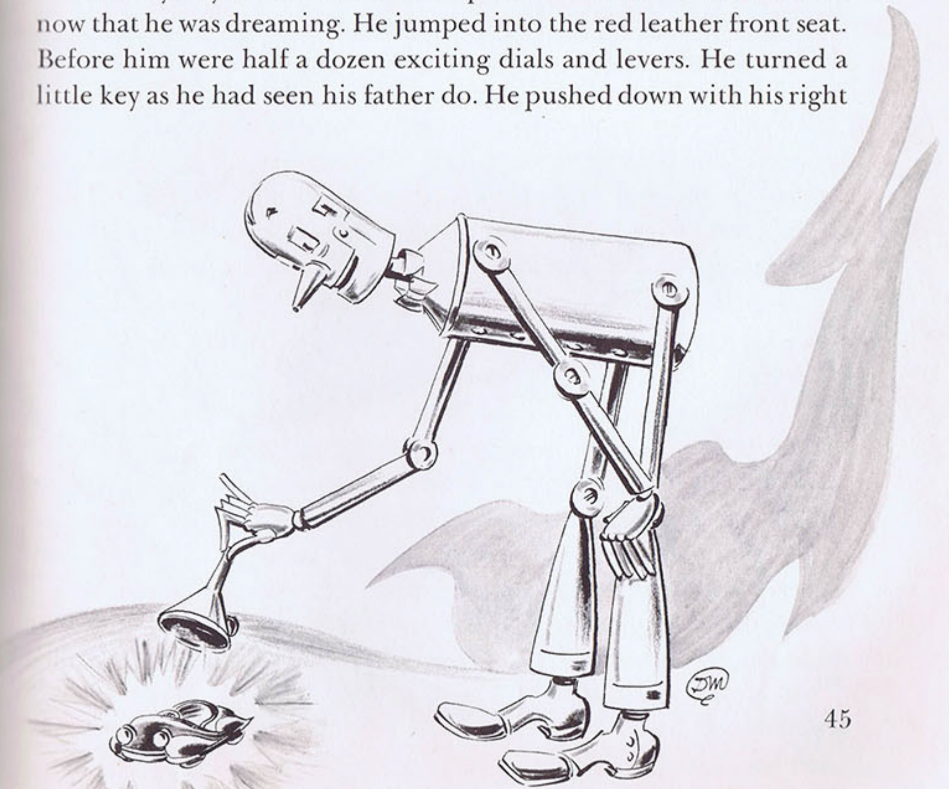
"I beg your pardon?" inquired Timothy, startled.

"Zizzy," continued the Tin Woodman. He stretched out both hands and raised his left foot. "Zip!"

Just as the Tin Man concluded the magic formula and put his foot back on the ground, a little shiny red tin toy car rolled out of his tin hat and started to grow. Before Timothy's astonished gaze it grew, and it grew.

"Zowie," said the Tin Woodman with a smile, and the car stopped growing. "There, isn't that about the right size for you?"

Timothy's eyes were as round as quarters. He had no doubt at all now that he was dreaming. He jumped into the red leather front seat. Before him were half a dozen exciting dials and levers. He turned a little key as he had seen his father do. He pushed down with his right

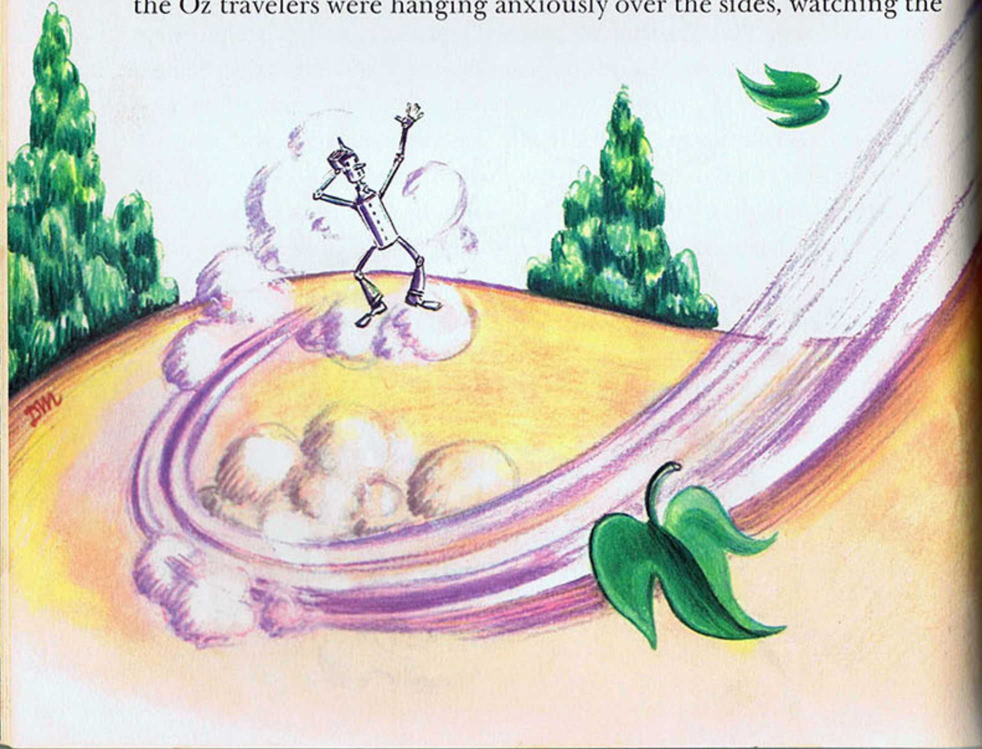


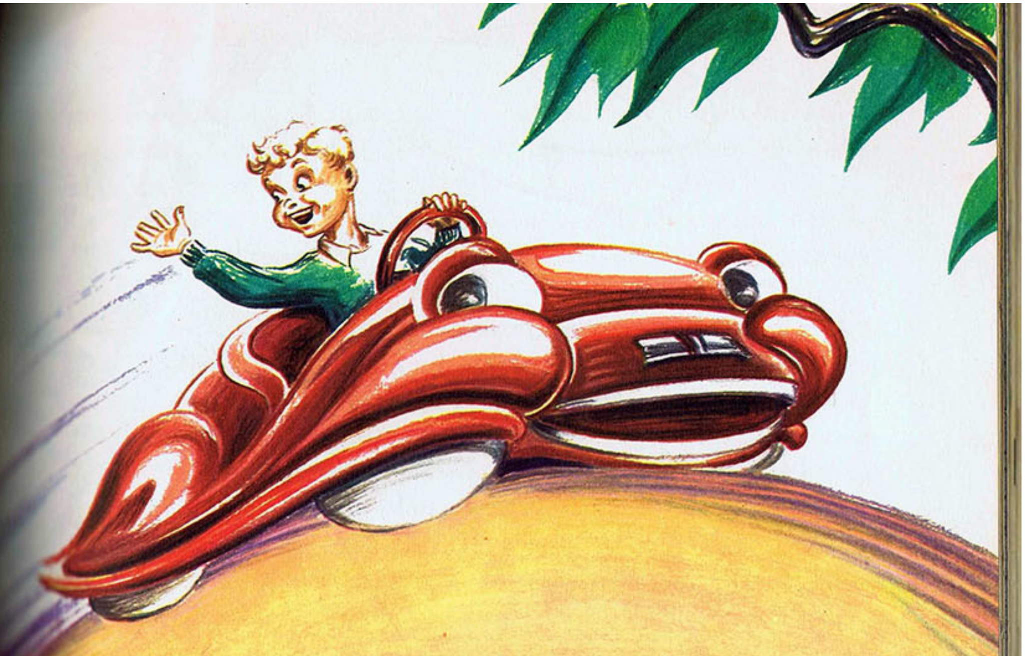
foot. And with a sputter and then a roar the red car dashed suddenly down the road, leaving the surprised Woodman in a cloud of dust.

"Wait!" he cried. "Stop! Whoa! Gracious!" he exclaimed to himself. "I had no idea the thing went off like that! Stop!" he shouted, running after Timothy down the road. "STO—OP!"

Timothy would have been glad to stop, but he did not know how. He had to think very hard just to steer. The little car whizzed around curves. It whirled into valleys and gobbled up hills. It went faster and faster, because the more excited Timothy got, the harder he pushed with his right foot. Just ahead, on the edge of the road was a big tree. Timothy drew a long breath and held tight to the wheel.

What Timothy did not know was that right behind him, speeding through the air, was the Gump. The Tin Woodman's run down the road had taken him past the grove where the Gump was parked, and he had jumped in at once to hasten his pursuit of Timothy. Now all the Oz travelers were hanging anxiously over the sides, watching the





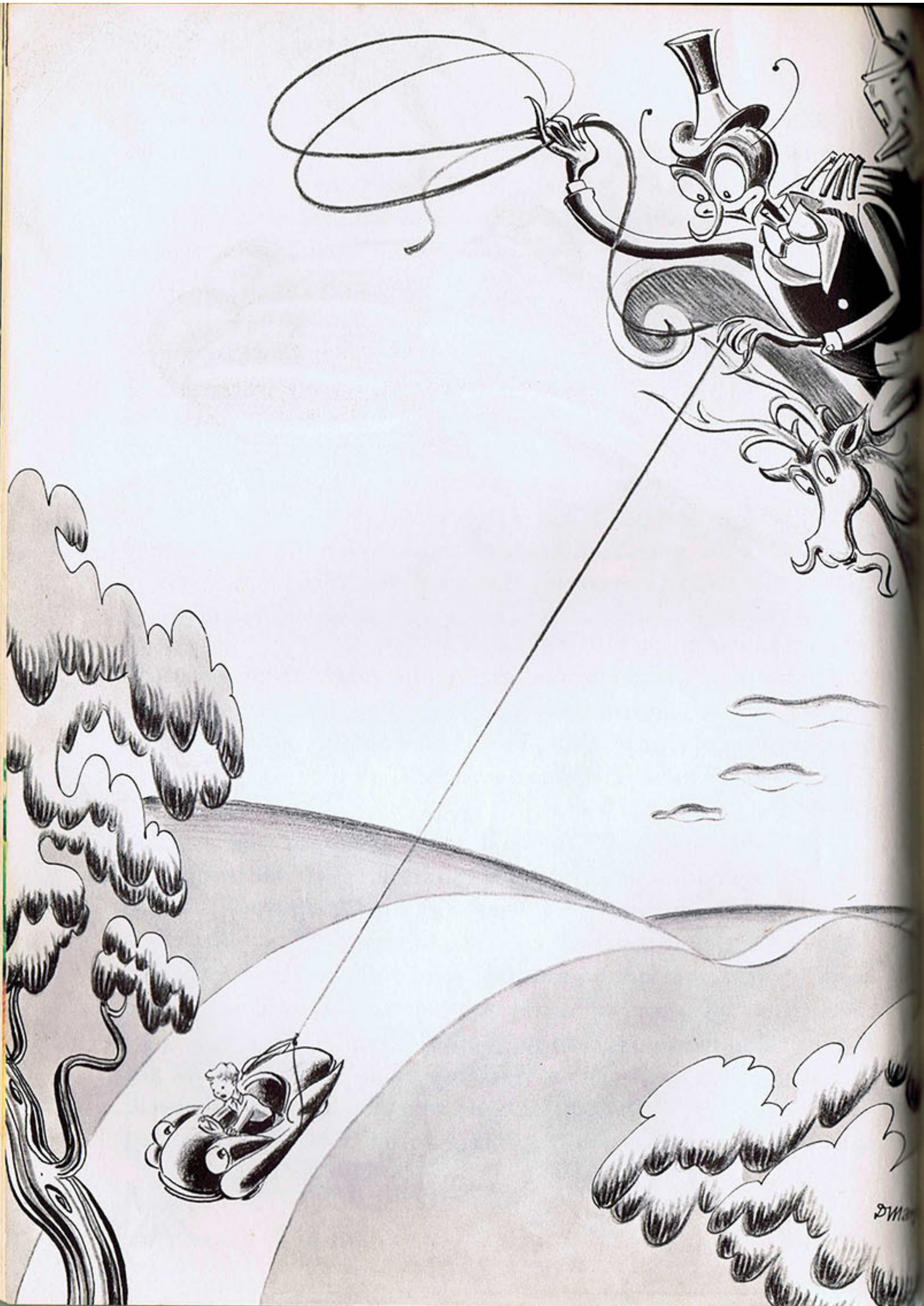
perilous course of the little red car.

"Hurry!" the Scarecrow was urging the magic flying creature. "Nick Chopper, my tin friend, if only you had my excellent brains instead of that pure silk heart, you would never have given a little boy anything so dangerous, no matter how much he wished for it!"

"Zup!" exclaimed the Tin Man, leaning unhappily over the edge of the Gump and twisting both his hands to the left. He was just in time. The little red car roared to one side, missing the tree by inches.

The Wogglebug reached into his briefcase. In a minute he was whirling a stout lasso round and round his head. He let it fly, and the magic loop dropped neatly around the little red car. "Slow down," he called to the Gump. "Slower! Slow!"

The obedient creature braced its four palm-leaf wings in the air. The little car could not drag the heavy weight. It began to lose speed, and Timothy stopped pressing with his right foot. The car rolled



gently to a halt.

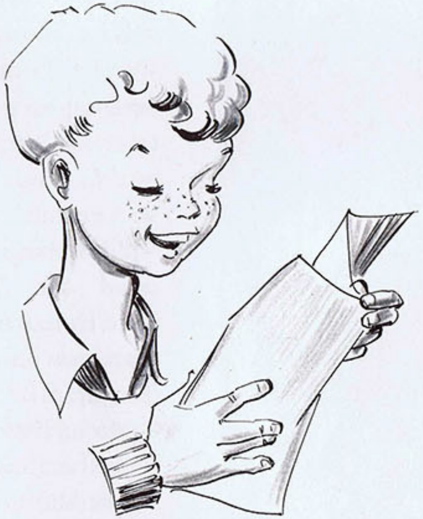
"Whew!" exclaimed Timothy. He sank back on the red leather seat and closed his eyes.

"He must be miles from home," observed Jack, carefully holding onto his pumpkin head with both hands as he leaned out to see. "He will be lost."

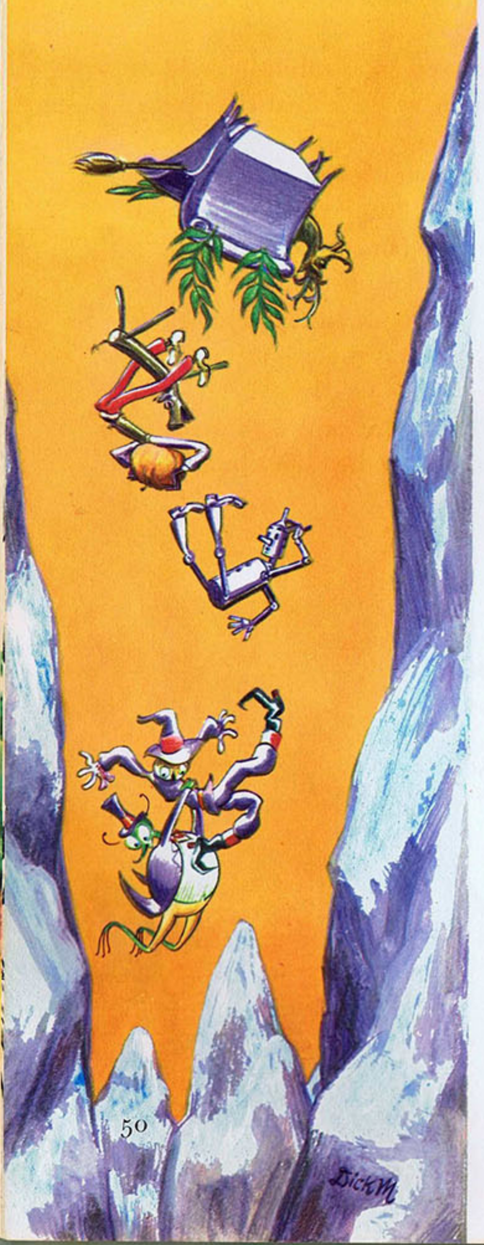
But Professor Wogglebug had taken from his vest pocket a small box clearly marked in green ink, "Wishing Pills." Closing his right eye and standing on his left foot, he popped one into his mouth.

Seconds later Timothy looked around and rubbed his eyes. He was sitting again on the rock at the edge of the shady road where he had first met the kindly Tin Man. At his feet was the brightly colored automobile folder.

"Golly," murmured Timothy. "What a dream! I think maybe after all I'd just as soon wait to get my car when I'm a bit older."



HOW OUR FRIENDS BARELY ESCAPED THE BEARS



"GRACIOUS me," said Jack, feeling carefully of his head, "It seems very cold all of a sudden. Is frost dangerous for pumpkins?"

It was the next day, and the Gump was flying over barren, rocky cliffs. The sun had long since gone behind the clouds. The Wogglebug was looking at the map with an anxious frown.

"Shall we go home?" squeaked the Gump hopefully.

"No indeed," replied the Wogglebug firmly. "We must all be with Dorothy on her birthday."

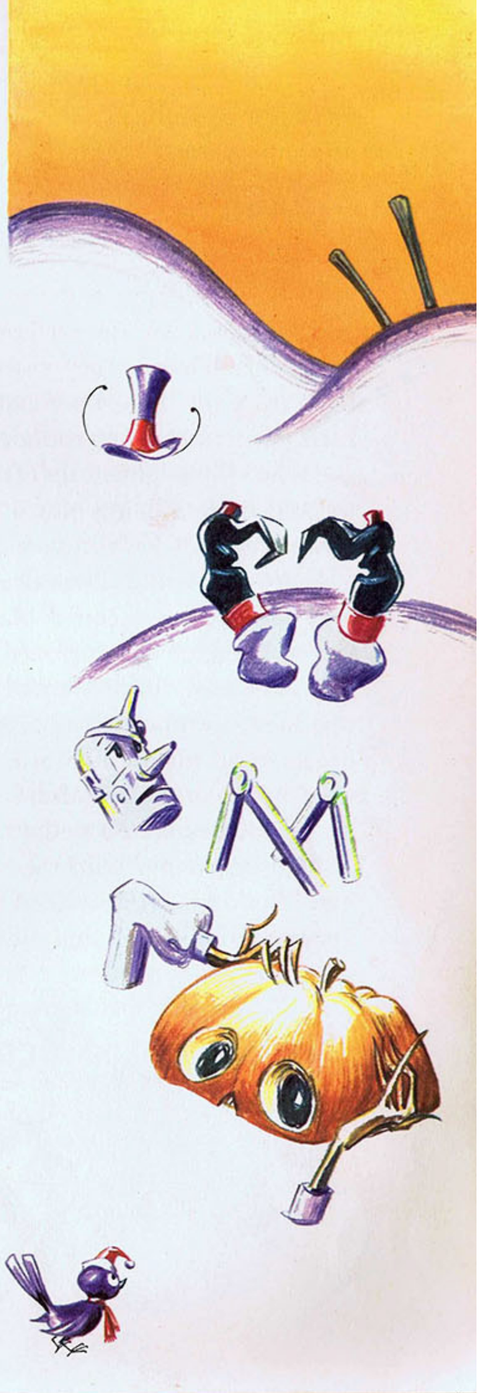
The Scarecrow was looking at the sky thoughtfully. "Why is everything so white, H. M.?" he said to the Wogglebug. He stretched out his hand. "And what is this wet sticky stuff?"

"The white stuff is snow," replied the Wogglebug gravely, "and from what I have read, friend Scarecrow, snow in the mountains can often be very dangerous."

He had scarcely finished speaking, when a howling gust of wind struck the Gump and blew it so hard from side to side that all had to hold fast to their seats.

"Dear me!" squeaked the Gump, as a gust of wind sucked him down between two high cliffs. "Whoops!" he squealed, as he soared up on another gust and a jagged red cliff loomed right beside his whiskers. "Oh my!" he exclaimed as the mischievous wind suddenly caught him under his tail and whirled him head over broomstick through a thick cottony cloud. "Galloping goblins! Whatever shall I do?" he cried. For his passengers had fallen out, and the Gump could only watch helplessly as the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, Jack Pumpkinhead, the Sawhorse, and the Wogglebug dropped away and disappeared far below in the flaky air. The last thing he saw was the Wogglebug sailing down clinging fast to his briefcase, and Jack Pumpkinhead, clutching his head tightly with both hands.

Our travelers landed in deep snowdrifts. None of them, of course, could be harmed except the Wogglebug, and he luckily fell into the deepest, softest, drift of all. But the poor Insect immedi-



ately turned quite blue with chill, and the Tin Woodman looked at him in alarm.

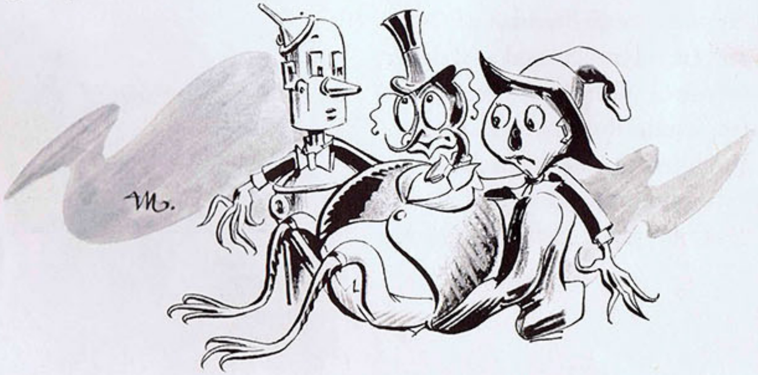
"Quick!" he shouted to the Scarecrow above the howling of the wind. "There's a little cabin over there. We must get the Professor out of the cold!"

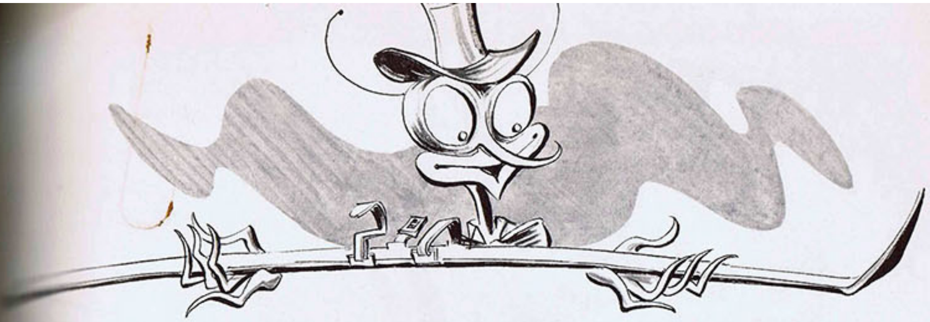
So Nick Chopper and the Scarecrow made a seat of their hands and, with Jack and the Sawhorse hurrying behind, they carried the poor Wogglebug swiftly to the cabin. The door was locked, but a blow from the Tin Man's axe sent it flying open and admitted the little party into a snug room with a fireplace at one end.

"Whew!" exclaimed the Tin Woodman, leaning against the door to hold it from being blown in by the wind, which shrieked and howled outside as if it were angry at their escape.

Jack Pumpkinhead was already holding a lighted match under the logs and soon a cheerful blaze crackled on the hearth. The half-frozen Wogglebug was placed gently on a bench close by, and Jack sat beside him, for he wanted to give his head every chance to warm up. Nick Chopper found a wooden latch that closed the door and began to oil his joints, while the Scarecrow and the Sawhorse, who were both very much afraid of fire because of their highly inflammable natures, stayed well away from that end of the room.

"Though truly," said the Scarecrow, "I am probably too wet to have to worry." And indeed a faint steam soon began to rise from his straw-stuffed body and the whole room smelled pleasantly of drying hay.





The snow stopped, and the wind went down, and the sun came out to shine brightly on the white slopes around the little cabin.

"My friends," said Professor Wogglebug, who was now quite thawed out, and had been looking around him, taking advantage of his excellent education. "I believe these long sticks leaning against the walls must be skis, which people fasten to their feet to slide over mountains, as I have seen in pictures. Couldn't we use them? All except the Sawhorse, of course."

"What do you mean, 'all except the Sawhorse, of course,'" snapped that creature indignantly. "If anyone thinks I am going to stay behind to be buried in this frozen ice-cream pile, he is very much mistaken!"

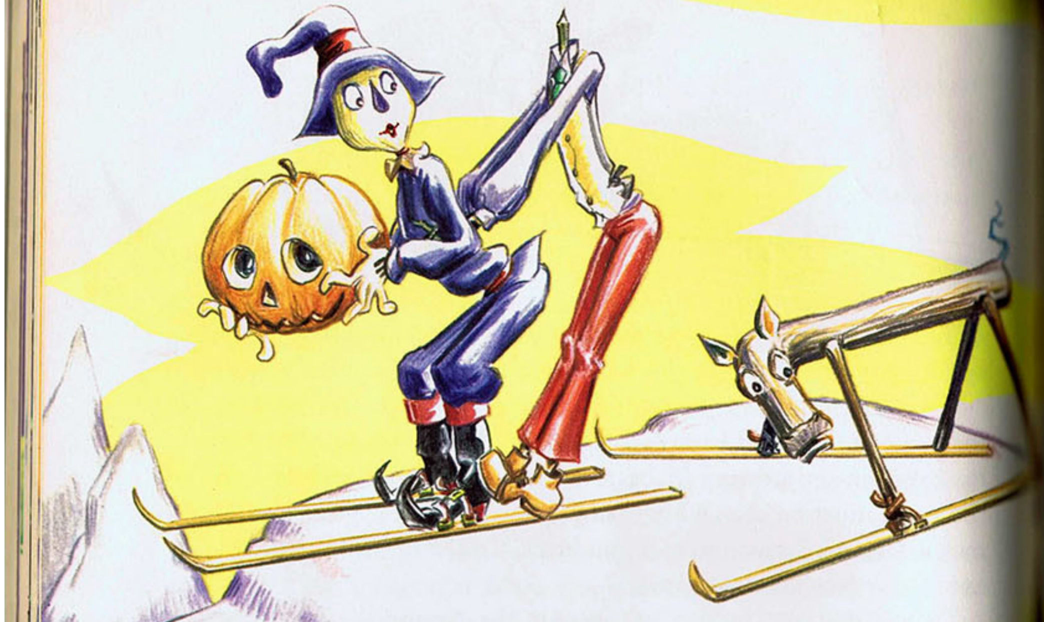
So our friends went outside together, where they found the sun so warm that even Jack and the Wogglebug were comfortable. The Wogglebug fastened a pair of skis to his feet and was hesitating uncertainly when the wind, seeing a chance for a last bit of mischief, gave him a sudden shove from behind.

"Oops!" cried the Wogglebug, and waving his briefcase frantically to keep his balance he disappeared over the crest.

"Come on, Jack!" cried the Scarecrow.

But Jack Pumpkinhead was sure that his precious head would fly off, and he became so upset that the Scarecrow took him on his own skis behind him.

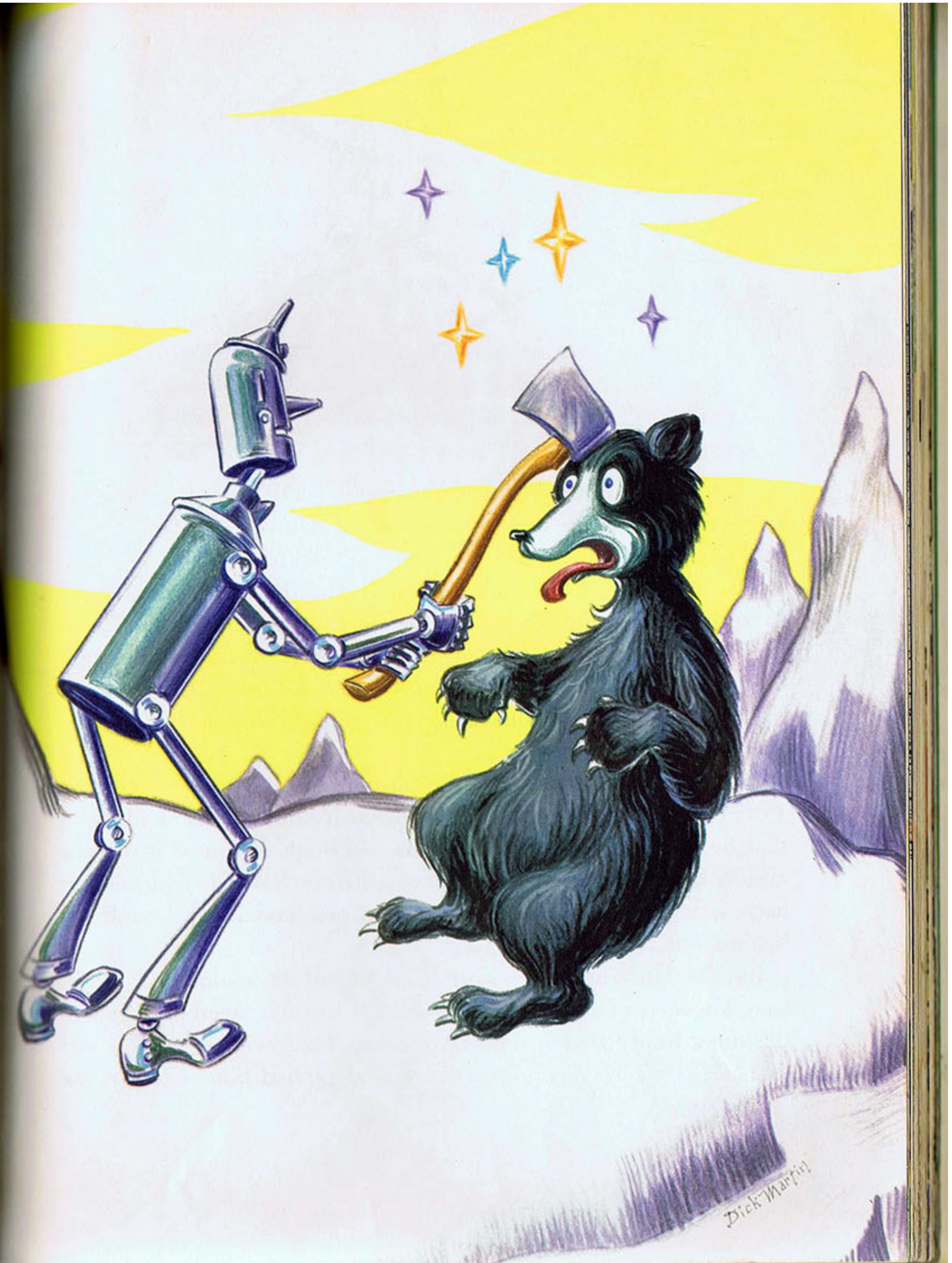
"If we fall," promised the Scarecrow, "my soft straw will act as padding so you cannot possibly be harmed."



Jack, however, was still doubtful, and, just before they started, he took off his head and handed it to the Scarecrow to hold on the way down. "For I must hang on to your belt with all my strength," brave Jack said reasonably. "And it is perfectly clear that I cannot hold my head on at the same time. I'll see better from up in front anyway."

The Tin Woodman was fastening skis to the Sawhorse. It was a difficult task, because the straps had to be twisted round and round the wooden animal's thin front legs, while the back ones rode free on the long runners out behind. But the Sawhorse was determined not to be abandoned on the ice-cream pile, as he called it, and Nick Chopper, who knew the animal to be both quick and sensible, believed he would manage somehow to get to the bottom all in one piece.

Just as Nick leaned down to put on his own skis, however, they heard a menacing growl. The Tin Man turned and saw a huge black bear lumbering towards them.



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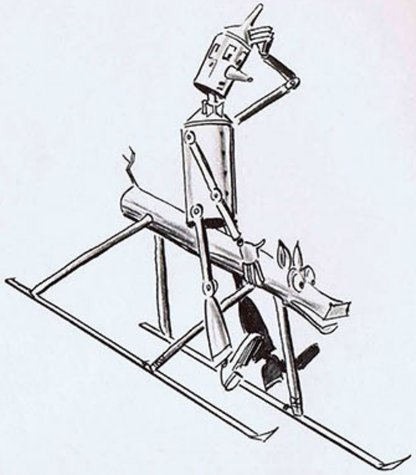
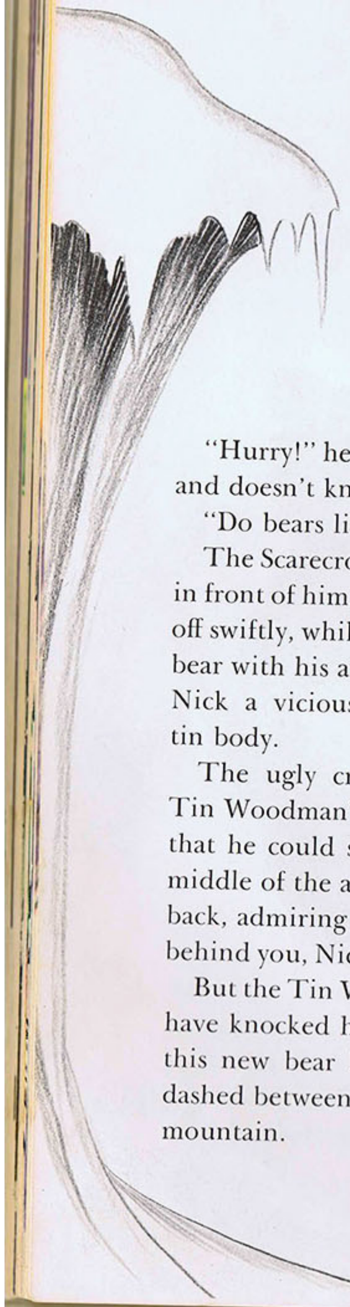




"Hurry!" he shouted to his companions. "The creature is hungry and doesn't know we are not meat people. Quick!"

"Do bears like pumpkins?" asked Jack in a fearful tone.

The Scarecrow did not wait to answer. Holding the pumpkinhead in front of him, and with Jack's body clinging on behind, he pushed off swiftly, while Nick Chopper turned valiantly to fight the hungry bear with his axe. The bear was as big as a tall man, and he struck Nick a vicious blow, but his claws glanced harmlessly off the tin body.

The ugly creature was still snarling his surprise when the Tin Woodman's sharp axe struck him such a smart blow on his head that he could see nothing but stars, although of course it was the middle of the afternoon. The dazed creature was still lying on his back, admiring the stars, when the Sawhorse exclaimed, "Look out behind you, Nick! Another bear!"

But the Tin Woodman was off balance, and the second bear might have knocked him over, if the Sawhorse had not saved him. Just as this new bear lifted his wicked claws, the Sawhorse on his skis dashed between Nick Chopper's legs and carried him off down the mountain.

"Hold tight!" called the Sawhorse.

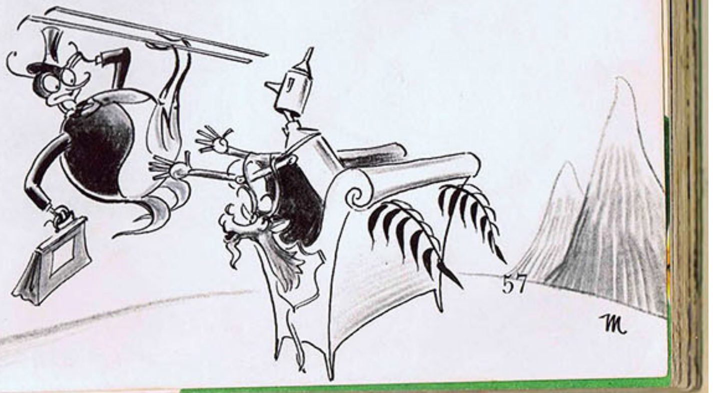
But it was hard to hold tight, because while the Sawhorse's front feet stayed on the skis, his back legs flew wildly from side to side on every curve. The Tin Woodman dropped his axe and, flinging his arms around the Sawhorse's skinny neck, held on for dear life. "For," he thought to himself, "if I fell off, I would rust away to nothing on this wet mountain."

Suddenly, before the Sawhorse's startled eyes, the slope down which he was sliding came to an end at a deep cliff. Before he had time to think, he sailed up in a beautiful jump. But then he gazed down in horror into a rocky gorge. He was just expecting to be dashed into matchwood, when he suddenly landed on—the soft cushions of the Gump!

"What did you think you were doing?" the Gump grunted scornfully to the wooden steed. "Are you trying to learn how to fly and take away my job? An earthbound creature like you can't fly! Where have you been all this time anyhow?", he continued in an angry squeak. "I've been flapping around up here lost for hours looking for you on the mountain. Where is that silly Professor with his map?"

"Never mind all that," said the Tin Woodman. "Fly left, good Gump, and hurry! Now a little to the right. Tha—at's it! Now down, friend Gump. That's a good fellow! Easy now!"

The Gump landed softly in the snow, just as the Woggle-



bug, clutching his hat with one hand and his briefcase with the other, took a last curve, tipped dangerously on one ski and sailed by, to be caught neatly by the Tin Woodman and hauled on board. They were still tangled together, when the Scarecrow with Jack Pumpkinhead soared in on top of them, and they all fell over in a heap, the Scarecrow barely having time to rest Jack's head carefully on a cushion.

With a "humph" of disgust, the Gump took to the air again. "Now can we go home?" he asked sarcastically.

"Not at all, friend Gump," replied the Tin Woodman. "For my part, that was a most enjoyable adventure. I haven't had that much exercise in a long time."

"The view," said Jack Pumpkinhead, "was superb as the Scarecrow carried my head down the mountain."

"A little bit to the east, please, Gump," instructed the Wogglebug, who was consulting the map. "Apparently we have gone too far west now and have been in the Rocky Mountains. However I am sure that we must soon arrive in Kansas."

HOW THE TIN WOODMAN DEVELOPED A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY

THE SUN shone brightly on the flying Gump, but the land below seemed to have nothing bright or pretty on it. A flat gray plain stretched away on every direction.

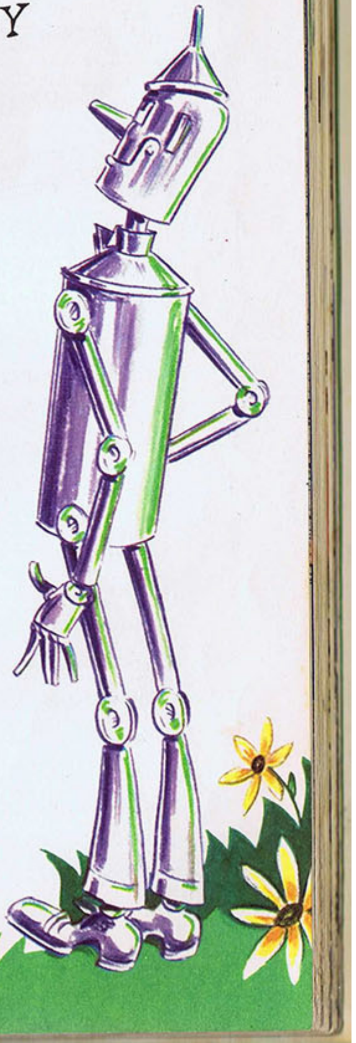
"Let's land here," said the Wogglebug. "I believe we are finally at our destination."

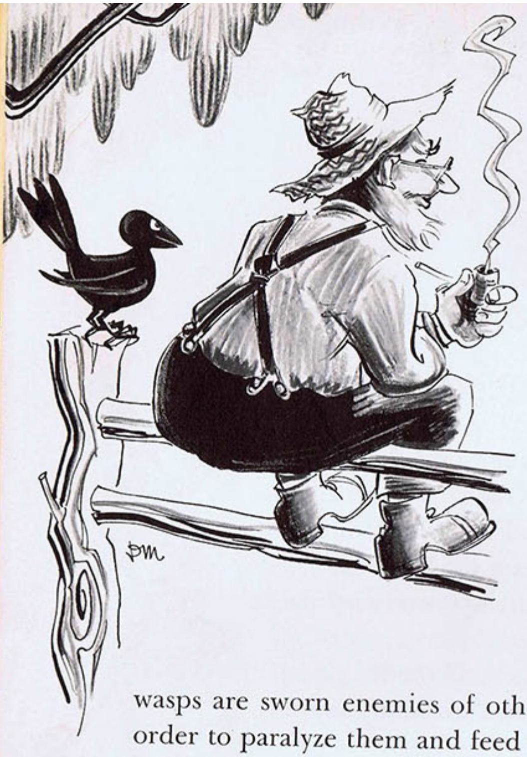
So the Gump settled beside a dusty country road, and the first thing our travelers saw was a sign:

ENTERING POGOSH COUNTY
The Heart of Greater Kansas.

"Greater than what?" asked the Scarecrow, who was always looking for a chance to exercise his excellent brain.

"Kansas at last!" exclaimed the Tin Woodman. "We will soon be seeing little Dorothy." For Nick Chopper's tender heart had been





getting very impatient for their reunion with their little friend.

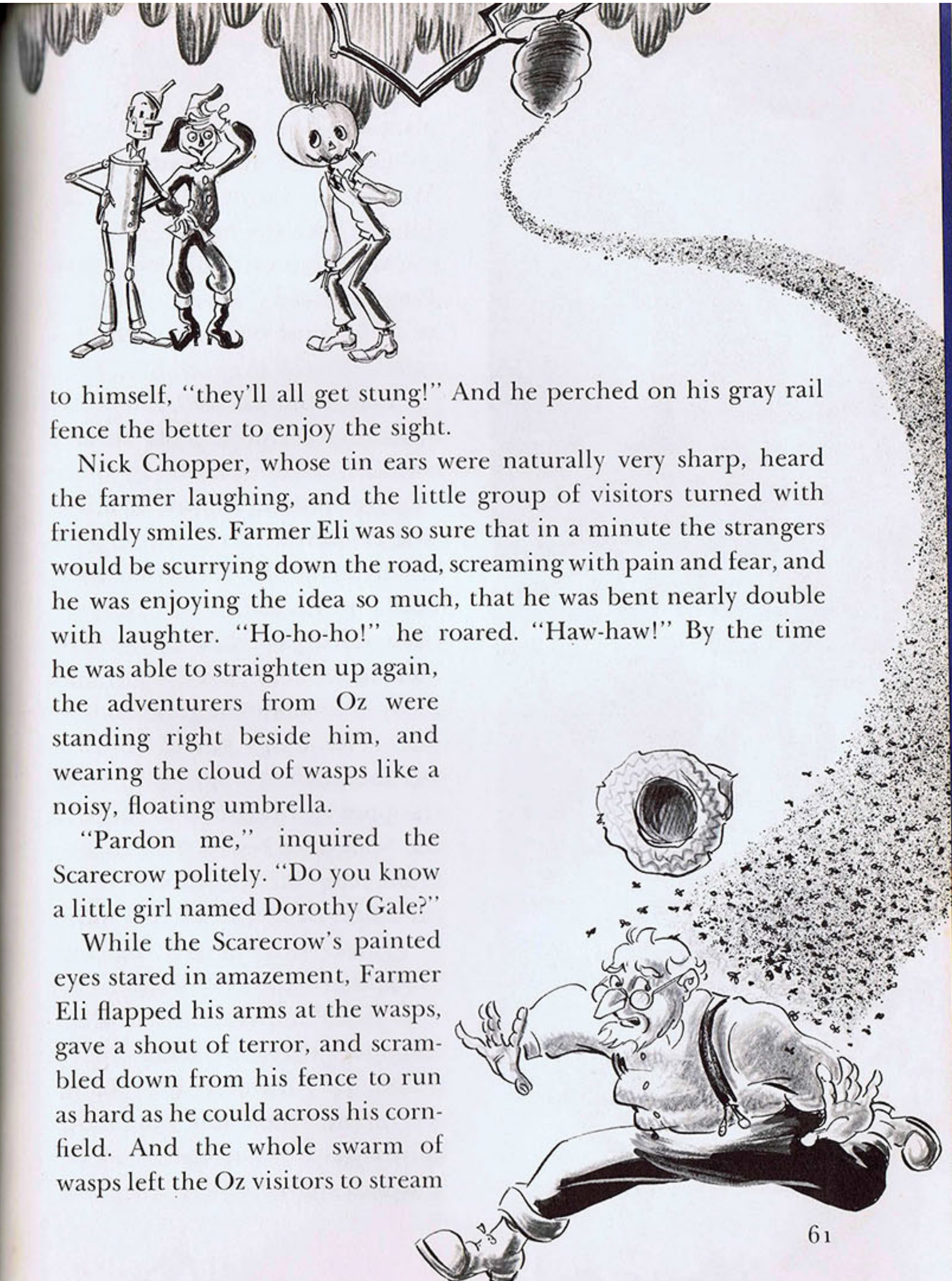
"What's that?" asked Jack Pumpkinhead, pointing to a dusty, gray-green tree. "It seems to be trying to say something."

Indeed the tree was making most peculiar humming and buzzing noises. Going closer, our friends saw a strange object hanging from one limb.

"Don't touch it!" cried Professor Wogglebug. The Wogglebug was looking up in horror, for he recognized the strange object as a wasp's nest, and he knew that wasps are sworn enemies of other insects, whom they often sting in order to paralyze them and feed them to hungry wasp babies.

But the Scarecrow, whose brains always made him curious, had already given the buzzing nest an inquisitive poke with his cotton finger. At once a whole army of the angry creatures swarmed out, and the Wogglebug ran back down the road, where he sprang to safety in the Gump. The rest of the little party, however, merely observed the angry insects with interest, for since they were not made of meat, the fury of the wasps could not harm them.

All of this had been watched by old Farmer Eli, whose cornfield was across the road. Farmer Eli was a twisted, mean old man who avoided all the beautiful and interesting things in life in order to stare all day at his flat, gray land. Seeing the Oz visitors, he had decided that a circus must have come to town, and when the Scarecrow was about to poke the wasp's nest, he might have shouted a warning. He only gave an ugly little smile instead. "Hee-hee!" he sniggered

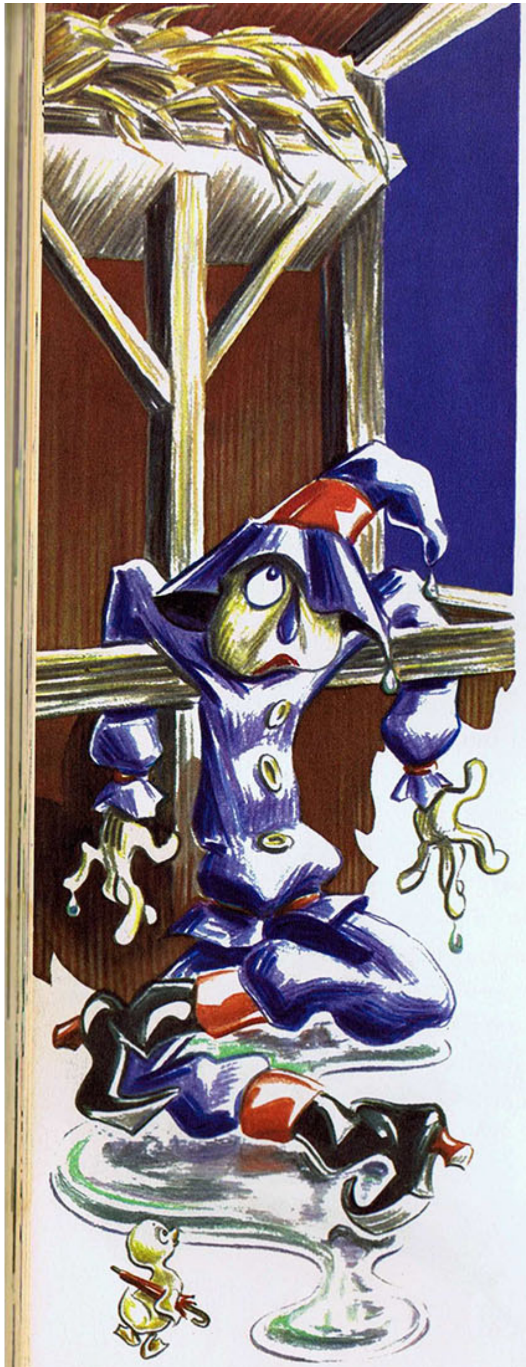


to himself, "they'll all get stung!" And he perched on his gray rail fence the better to enjoy the sight.

Nick Chopper, whose tin ears were naturally very sharp, heard the farmer laughing, and the little group of visitors turned with friendly smiles. Farmer Eli was so sure that in a minute the strangers would be scurrying down the road, screaming with pain and fear, and he was enjoying the idea so much, that he was bent nearly double with laughter. "Ho-ho-ho!" he roared. "Haw-haw!" By the time he was able to straighten up again, the adventurers from Oz were standing right beside him, and wearing the cloud of wasps like a noisy, floating umbrella.

"Pardon me," inquired the Scarecrow politely. "Do you know a little girl named Dorothy Gale?"

While the Scarecrow's painted eyes stared in amazement, Farmer Eli flapped his arms at the wasps, gave a shout of terror, and scrambled down from his fence to run as hard as he could across his cornfield. And the whole swarm of wasps left the Oz visitors to stream



after him.

"Gracious!" remarked the Tin Woodman, gazing after Farmer Eli. "What's his hurry?"

"My goodness!" observed Jack Pumpkinhead. "What a fast runner! He must be practicing for a race!"

"I do believe," said the Scarecrow thoughtfully, "that he may not like the noise made by those flying creatures. It must be a bad case of nerves."

Fortunately for Farmer Eli, a fat, black storm-cloud, which had been waiting overhead, chose that moment to burst and drop several tons of rain upon the gray countryside. The wasps got thoroughly wet and hurried home, while Nick Chopper and Jack had to support the Scarecrow between them, because the Straw Man was so drenched he could scarcely walk.

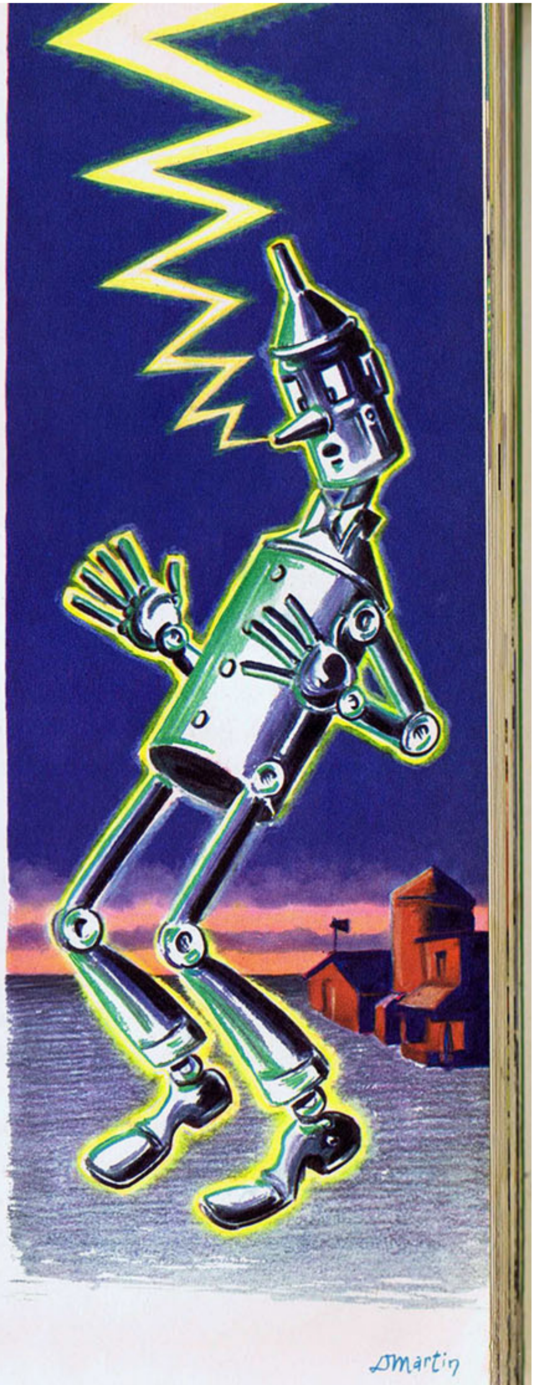
"Quick, Jack!" urged the Tin Woodman. "Into this barn!"

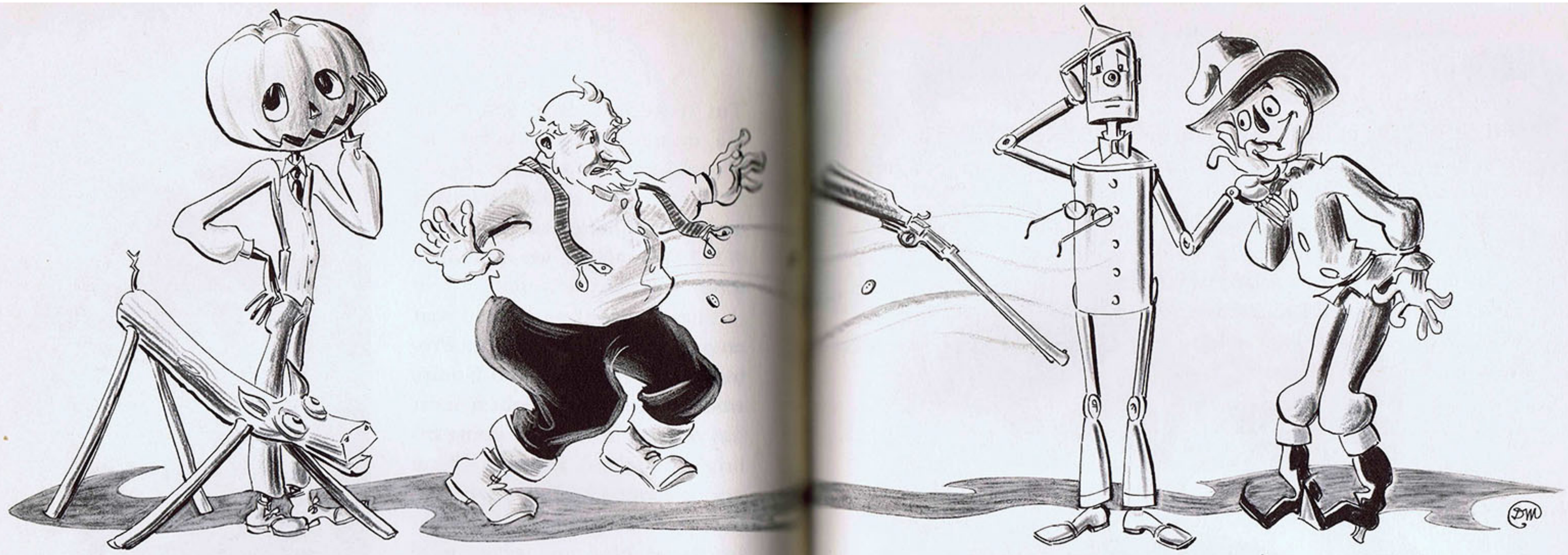
So Jack Pumpkinhead and Nick Chopper dragged their soggy friend into Farmer Eli's barn, where they took out the Scarecrow's pulpy straw and tenderly laid him down to dry. Then the Tin Woodman went to stand in the doorway and look for the Wogglebug.

"Wog!" he called, standing under the shelter of the eaves. "Oh, Wog! Here we are! This way!"

The thunder was so loud that no one could have heard, but Professor Wogglebug in the Gump, who was fluttering about a short way off, had no trouble seeing his bright tin friend. For Nick Chopper, without knowing it, was attracting the lightning, and great streaks of blue and silver were lighting up his metal body like fireworks. "Zzz!" hissed the lightning softly and ran down the Tin Man in a jagged caress of deepest purple. "Wham!" boomed the thunder, and Nick Chopper stood in a pool of blue fire, which hurt him not a bit, though it did seem to him that the storm was a remarkably brilliant and enjoyable one.

Just then the Wogglebug landed the Gump neatly through the huge open doors and the Tin Man hurried to help shut them against the storm. He was tingling all over.





"My, what an invigorating experience!" he exclaimed.

"It is a good thing that you cannot be injured," the Wogglebug told him gravely. "You were being struck by lightning. For me, it might have been fatal."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the Tin Woodman. "Then I am glad it wasn't you, Professor, because not only would we have missed you, but we need you to read the map."

They remained in the barn until the storm was over. The Tin Woodman carefully oiled his joints, and then he and Jack discovered a stack of crisp fresh straw from which, as soon as the Scarecrow's clothes were dry, they restuffed their old friend and rolled him neatly into shape.

"That's the stuff!" exclaimed the Scarecrow, patting himself on the chest with satisfaction. "I feel like a new man."

Just then, however, the barn door burst open and in ran Farmer Eli, carrying a wicked-looking rusty shotgun.

"Ha!" he cried. "I seed the door closed and I guessed ye must of runned in here. Sick wasps on me, will ye?"

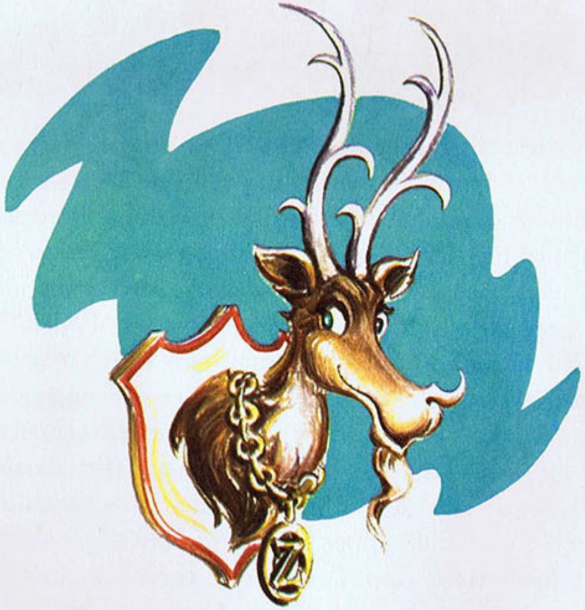
But right at that moment the Tin Woodman happened to come from the back of the barn, and what happened next was so astonishing that even the visitors from Oz could scarcely believe their eyes. In the storm, the lightning and the magic tin of Nick Chopper had combined to make his entire metal body into a magnet a million times more powerful than the little horseshoe magnets which children sometimes play with. First, Farmer Eli's steel-rimmed glasses flew off and landed with a clink on the startled Tin Man's chest. Next, the gun tore from Farmer Eli's hands and flew to attach itself to Nick Chopper's back. And last of all, the farmer's metal suspender buttons ripped away from their fastenings, leaving him helplessly clutching his bluejeans to keep them up.

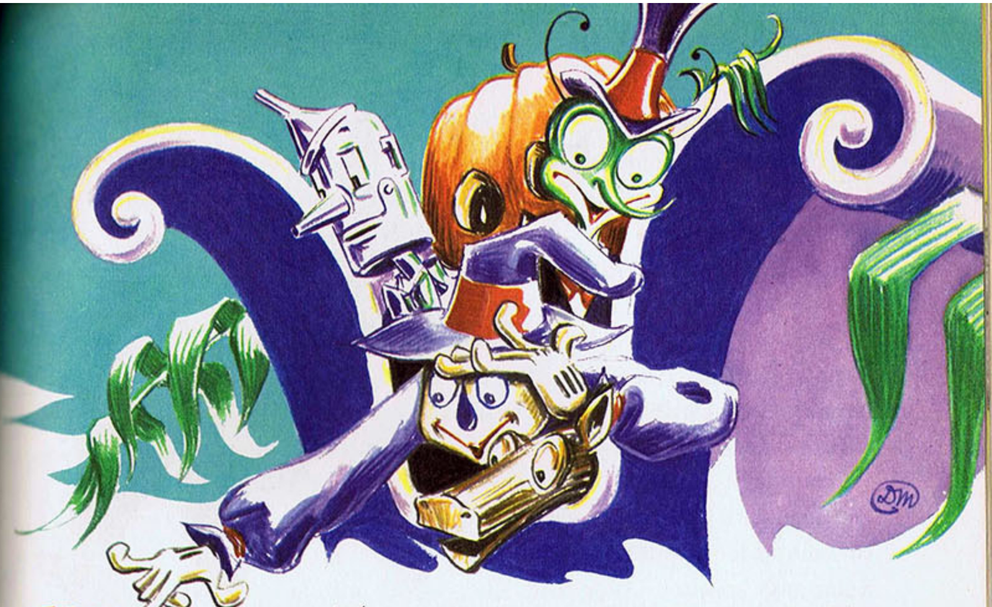
That was enough for Farmer Eli. "Glory be!" he gulped. "Witchcraft!" And hanging on to his trousers, he fled from the barn as fast as he could go.

The Wogglebug could not help smiling. "Friend Nick, the lightning electrified you. I guess that farmer didn't care for your magnetic personality."

"You look like a walking hardware store," observed the Scarecrow critically. "Can't you make that stuff drop off?"

But not until some time later, when the travelers were once more aloft in the Gump, did Nick Chopper's attraction for metal begin to wear away, so that he was able to get rid of his odd collection and drop it carefully overboard.





HOW THE OZ VISITORS DISCOVERED DOROTHY AT LAST

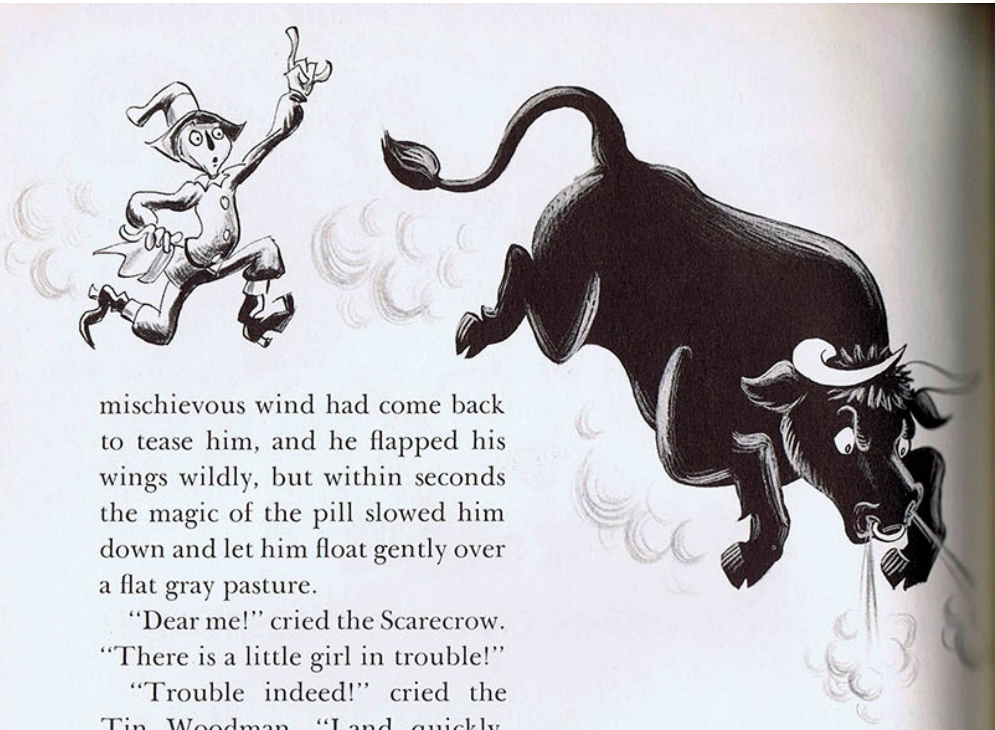
THE GUMP was skimming along, not far from the ground, and the travelers were leaning eagerly over the sides. Know- they were now in Kansas, they were expecting to see Dorothy any minute. Only the Wogglebug, who had some idea how big America actually is, believed there could possibly be any further delay, and he took from his vest pocket his little box of wishing pills and looked at it thoughtfully. On the label was printed:

Oz's Magic Wishing Pills—Limit: One Hundred Miles

"Well," said the Wogglebug to himself. "If Dorothy is not more than a hundred miles away from where we are now, I can wish us to her at once. If she is farther than that, I can swallow another pill a little later. But I hope I will not have to do so," added the brave insect to himself, "because I am sure too many pills would make me seasick."

So saying, he closed his right eye and stood on his left foot and swallowed a small green pill.

"Whoops!" squealed the Gump. For a moment he was sure the



mischievous wind had come back to tease him, and he flapped his wings wildly, but within seconds the magic of the pill slowed him down and let him float gently over a flat gray pasture.

"Dear me!" cried the Scarecrow. "There is a little girl in trouble!"

"Trouble indeed!" cried the Tin Woodman. "Land quickly, good Gump!"

The Gump fluttered to the ground just as a little girl in a yellow gingham dress, with a little black dog at her heels, ran past as fast as her legs could carry her. Right behind, horns lowered, was a huge bull, snorting and bellowing with rage.

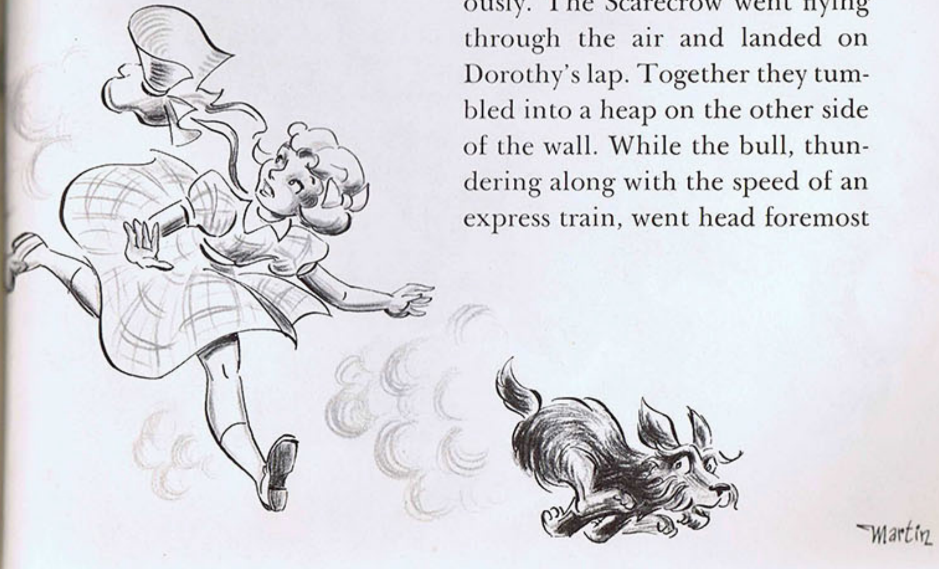
"It's Dorothy!" cried the Scarecrow. "Hurry!"

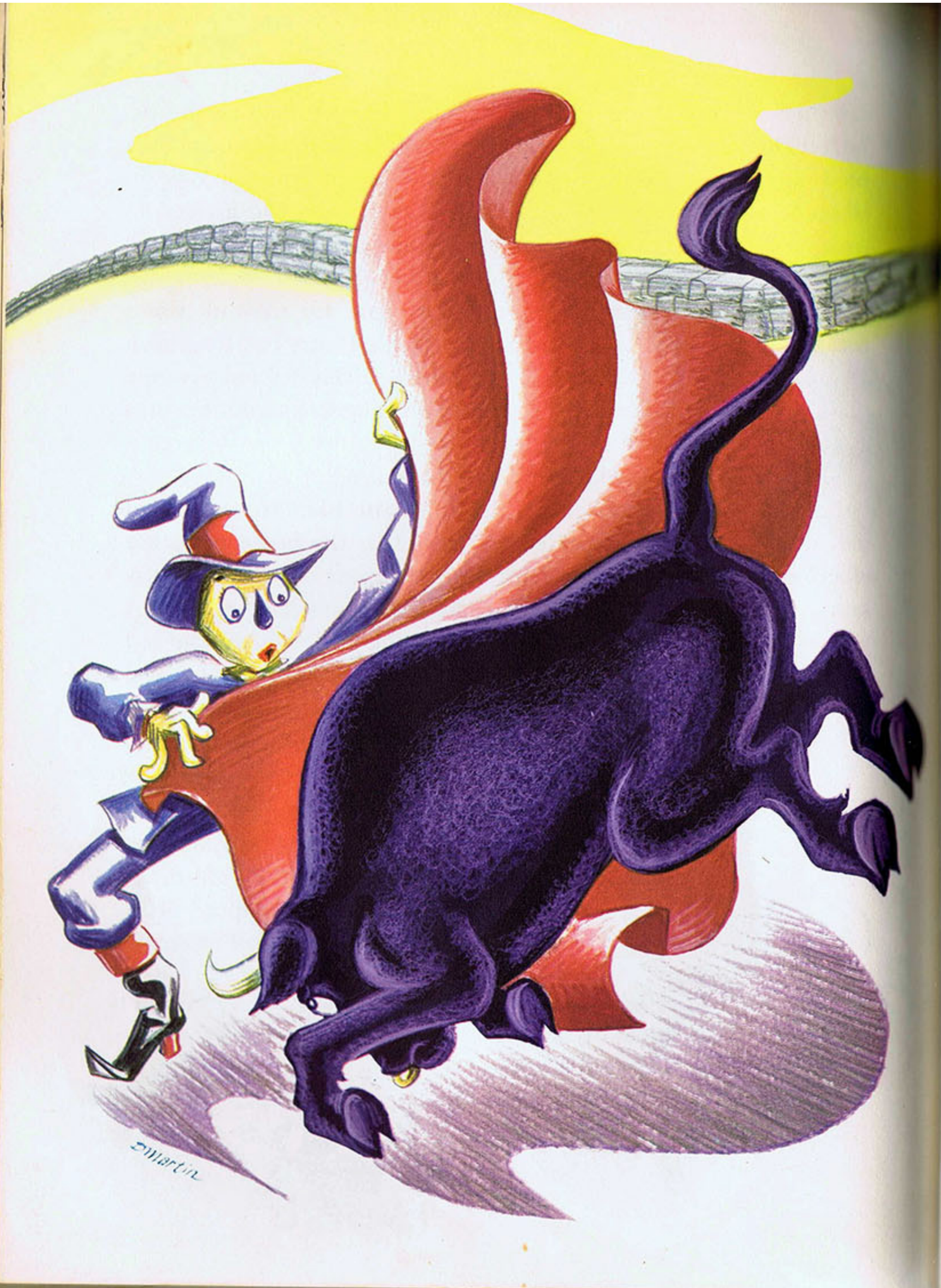
Swiftly the Oz travelers tumbled out of the Gump, and the Scarecrow leaped over a low stone wall and ran toward the bull. Already he had his magic handkerchief out of his pocket, and as he ran with it in his hands it grew into a large, brilliant red silk square.

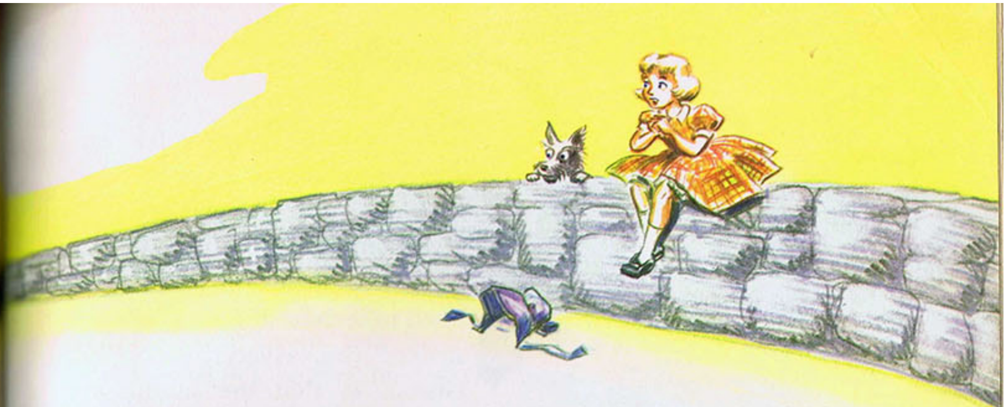
Now it happens that the one thing that annoys a bull more than anything else in the world is to have someone waggle a cape or a jacket or a large cloth of any kind at him. Bulls cannot be reasonable about this. They hate it, and that's that. As soon as the bull saw the Scarecrow swinging the scarlet cloth like a bullfighter's cape, he left Dorothy and turned to charge the Straw Man. Dorothy scrambled up on top of the wall, where she sat in wide-eyed astonishment, wondering how on earth her old friends had arrived in time to save her. The bull attacked furiously, and Dorothy put both hands over her mouth in terror. She was dreadfully afraid that something terrible would happen to the Scarecrow, for the bull was a mean, bad-tempered animal which her Uncle Henry had long been trying to sell. But the Scarecrow turned so quickly behind his cape that he even had time to give the enraged bull a nasty kick on the shins as it thundered past him.

"Be careful!" shouted the Professor in alarm.

But the Scarecrow was having the time of his life. "Ho-ho, missed me, didn't you?" he chuckled to the bull as the furious creature wheeled and came charging back. But the Scarecrow did not really know the rules for bullfighters or he would not have called out when the animal was already so close, for the bull ignored the red cloak to turn in the direction of the Straw Man's voice, and hooked one sharp horn into him viciously. The Scarecrow went flying through the air and landed on Dorothy's lap. Together they tumbled into a heap on the other side of the wall. While the bull, thundering along with the speed of an express train, went head foremost







into the hard stones. So great was the shock that he was pushed together endwise and flattened almost to a pancake, and when he staggered back to try to figure out what had happened to him, he was as wrinkled as one of those accordions children sometimes play with and call "squeeze boxes."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Dorothy, looking at the bull from the safe side of the wall. "What will Uncle Henry say when he sees *that*?"

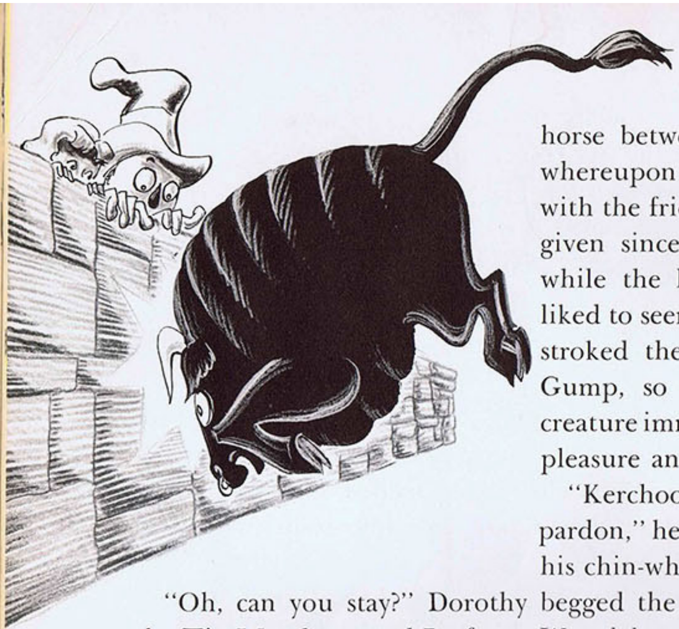
"He'll say it serves the creature right for chasing little girls," said the Tin Woodman, coming to pick her up.

"And for tossing Scarecrows," added the Straw Man, rising and embracing Dorothy warmly in his squashy arms. "How are you, my dear? Let me look at you! Not changed one bit," he observed with satisfaction, "except that you have a new hair-ribbon."

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" cried Dorothy, holding out one hand to the Scarecrow and the other to the Tin Woodman, while the little dog, who also recognized his old friends, ran in circles, barking happily.

"And here is Professor H.M. Wogglebug, T.E.," said the Tin Woodman formally. "And Jack Pumpkinhead, and the noble Sawhorse, and our magic flying Gump."

"I'm so glad to see you all!" exclaimed Dorothy as she glanced from the smiling Jack Pumpkinhead to the pompous giant Insect, who promptly swept off his hat and made a low bow. Gravely, she bowed back, though actually she was dying to giggle. She patted the Saw-



horse between his wooden ears, whereupon that animal looked up with the friendliest glance he had given since coming to America, while the little girl, who never liked to seem to leave anyone out, stroked the velvety nose of the Gump, so that the sentimental creature immediately sneezed with pleasure and embarrassment.

"Kerchoo!" said he. "I beg your pardon," he added shyly, waggling his chin-whiskers.

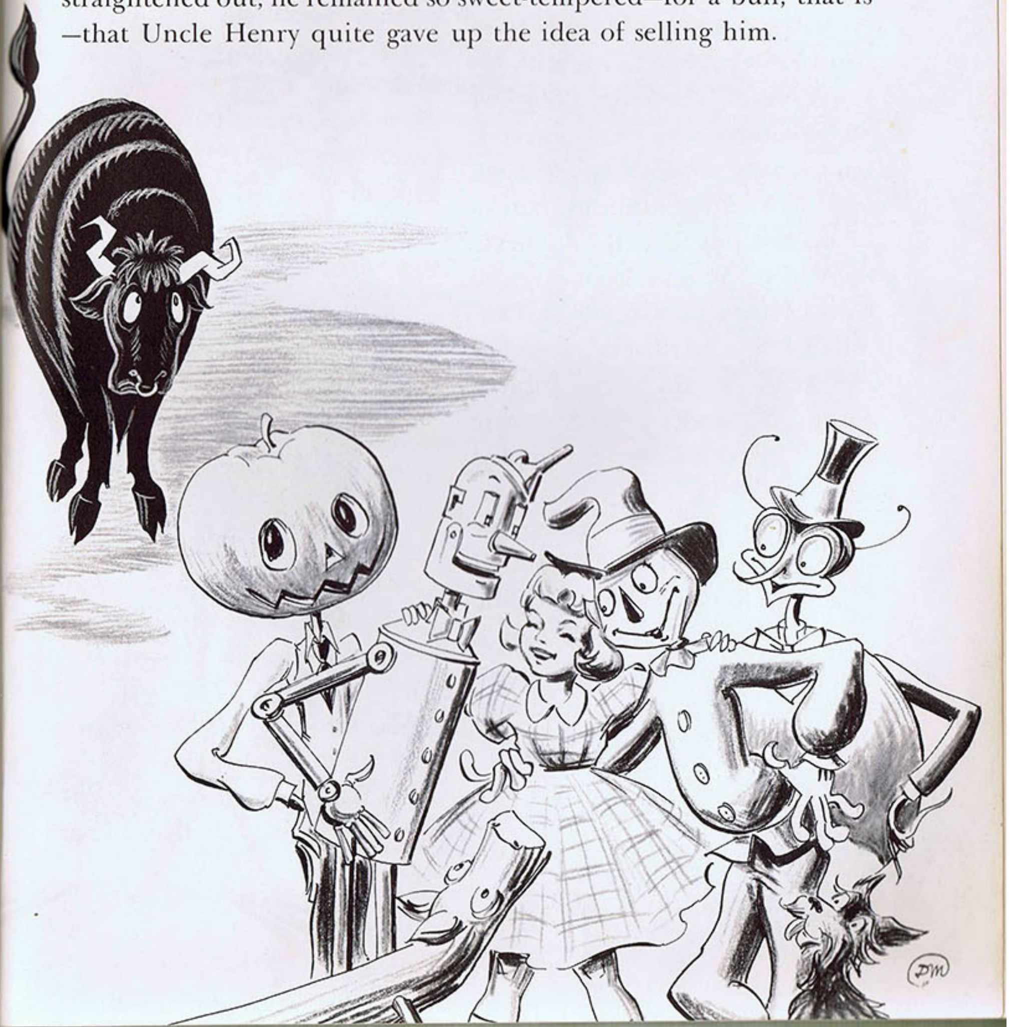
"Oh, can you stay?" Dorothy begged the Scarecrow. "You and the Tin Woodman and Professor Wogglebug could have Aunt Em's spare room, and the Sawhorse and the Gump could keep safe and dry in the barn. And oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, "tomorrow is my birthday. It would be just wonderful if you could be here for my party!"

The Scarecrow laughed. "As a matter of fact, Dorothy dear, that's why we have come. And we would be glad to stay, if you wish—for a while, at least."

"Then my friends can meet you!" exclaimed Dorothy, her eyes shining. "Do you know, I think there are actually some of them who have never quite believed the stories about you? Oz and magic and things like that *do* sound rather impossible out here in Kansas," she added wistfully.

Professor Wogglebug's forehead began to crease in the way which always showed he was using his excellent education to make his insect brains work as hard as possible. "No magic in Kansas?" he inquired. "My, my is that so? We shall have to see what we can do about that."

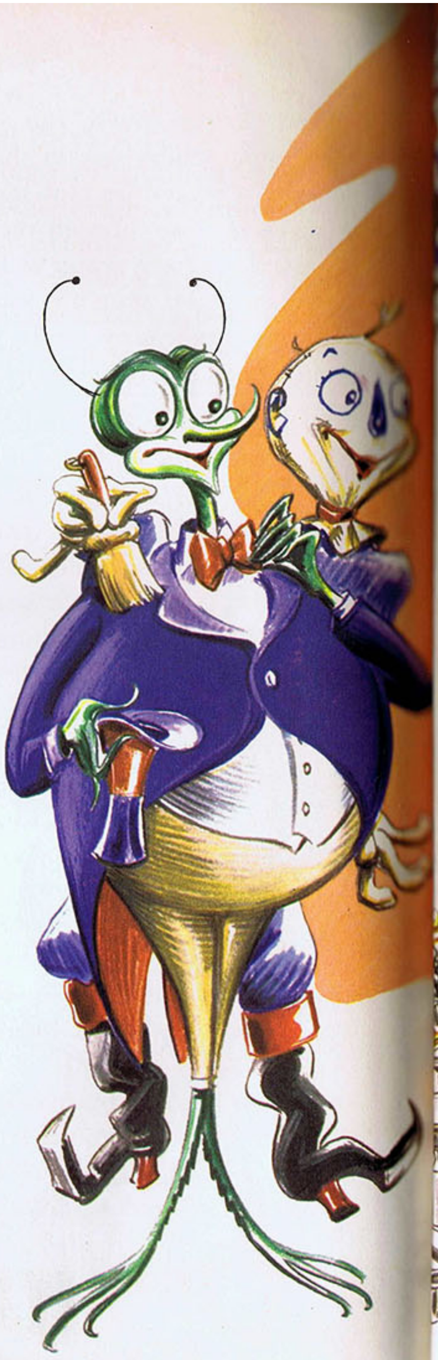
And chatting cosily, the old friends began to walk towards the farmhouse, while back in the pasture, the bull looked after them soberly. Whether the blow against the stone wall had knocked some particle of sense through the creature's thick skull, or whether he observed the little group of friends and compared their happiness to his own sour state, the curious fact is that he was never really quite so mean again, and long after his accordion pleating had straightened out, he remained so sweet-tempered—for a bull, that is —that Uncle Henry quite gave up the idea of selling him.

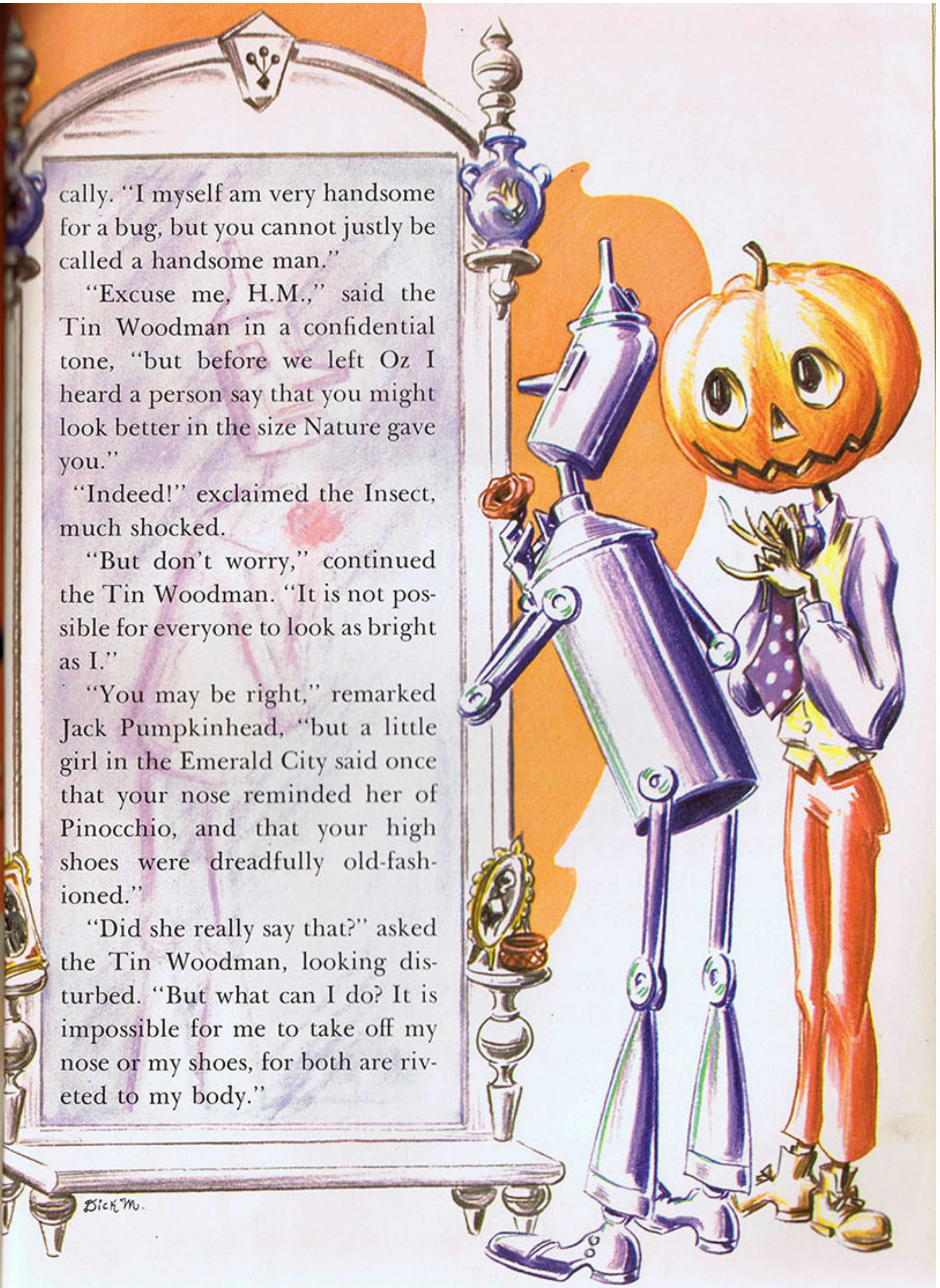


HOW THE WOGGLEBUG WORKED HIS WONDERS

THERE was much to do to get ready for Dorothy's birthday party. The little girl pressed the Scarecrow's jacket and gave Nick Chopper a soft cloth from Aunt Em's kitchen to use with his magic polish. The Wogglebug had a whiskbroom with which to brush his elegant swallow-tailed coat, and Jack Pumpkinhead had a brand-new purple polka dot necktie, which had once been given to Uncle Henry for Christmas. Dorothy left the four friends together and went to tie a red ribbon around the neck of the Sawhorse and comb the Gump's rumpled chin-whiskers.

After she left, the Scarecrow smoothed down his freshly pressed jacket and looked at himself in the mirror. "Well," he said, "though I have no desire to be considered beautiful, there can be no doubt that I am as good-looking as the average man."





"No, my friend," returned the Wogglebug, regarding him critically. "I myself am very handsome for a bug, but you cannot justly be called a handsome man."

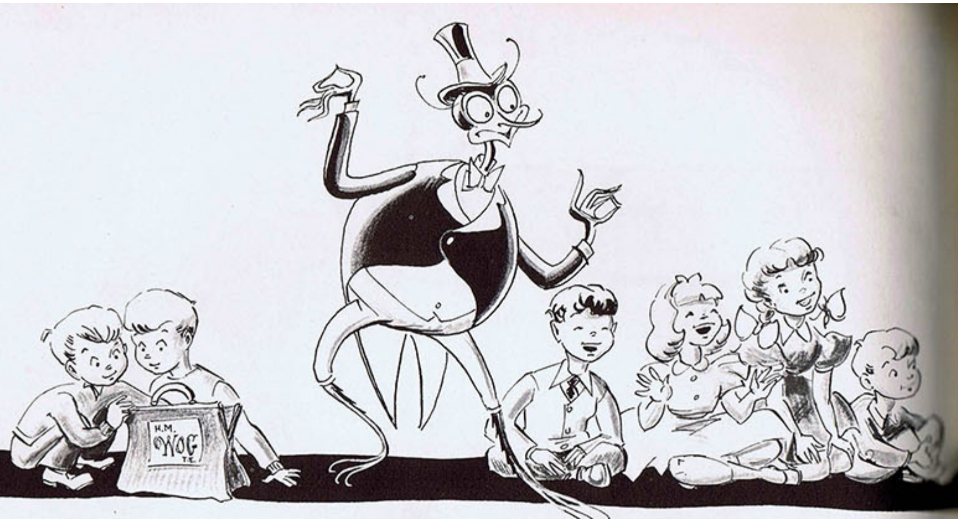
"Excuse me, H.M.," said the Tin Woodman in a confidential tone, "but before we left Oz I heard a person say that you might look better in the size Nature gave you."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Insect, much shocked.

"But don't worry," continued the Tin Woodman. "It is not possible for everyone to look as bright as I."

"You may be right," remarked Jack Pumpkinhead, "but a little girl in the Emerald City said once that your nose reminded her of Pinocchio, and that your high shoes were dreadfully old-fashioned."

"Did she really say that?" asked the Tin Woodman, looking disturbed. "But what can I do? It is impossible for me to take off my nose or my shoes, for both are riveted to my body."



"Well, I am sorry for you all," said Jack, "but as long as I can remain fresh, I will be so handsome that the rest of you can console yourselves by gazing on me."

The Scarecrow smiled. "Friend Jack," he said gently, "a little boy once told me that looking at your pumpkinhead day after day reminded him most tiresomely of Hallowe'en."

"Tiresome? I, with my winning smile?" asked Jack in a worried voice.

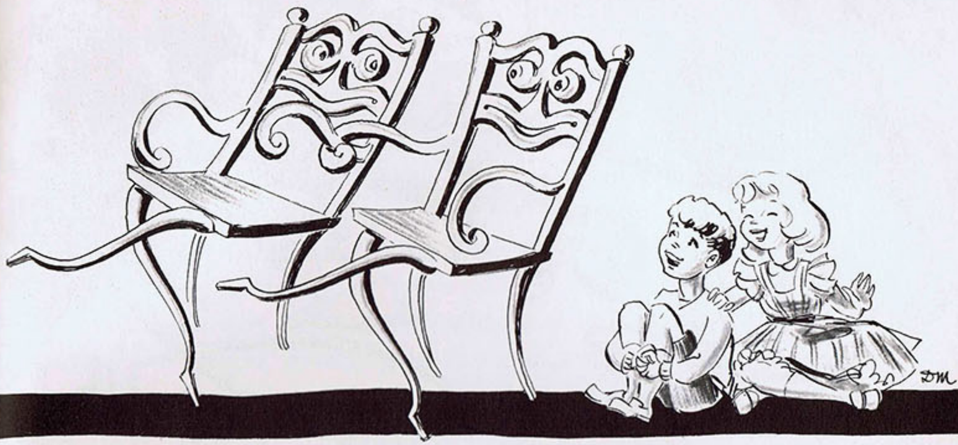
"My friends," interrupted Professor Wogglebug, "let's remember the old saying that 'handsome is as handsome does.' "

"Yes," agreed the Tin Man. "It strikes me that a face is equally useful whether is happens to be plain or beautiful. So let's just be thankful that our faces all see and hear and do the things faces should."

"My pumpkinhead will, I am sure, hold its own with any other pumpkinhead," declared Jack.

"I am sure there can be no bug more remarkable than myself," asserted Professor Wogglebug.

"I have yet to meet a tin man who is my superior," said Nick Chopper confidently.

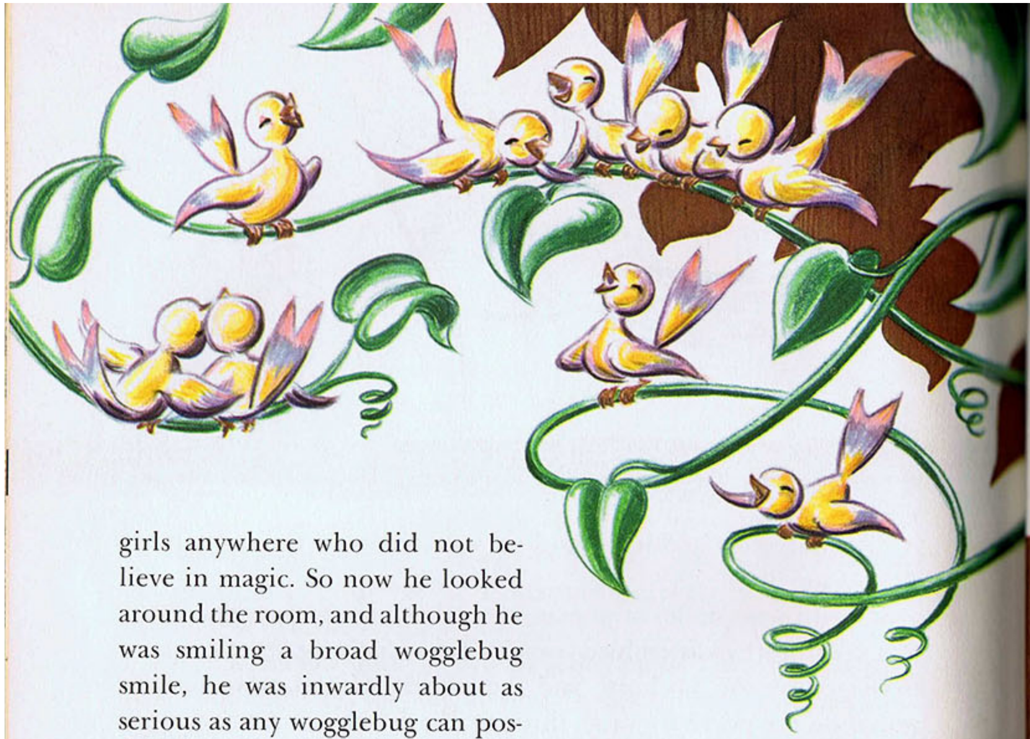


The Scarecrow nodded. "And for a Scarecrow, I am really not at all bad looking."

So, with wise smiles at one another, the travelers went downstairs to meet Dorothy's assembled friends. These had already arrived and were patting the Sawhorse and the friendly Gump, who stood together on the porch to watch through the windows. And whatever the worries of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman and Jack and the Wogglebug about their personal appearance (and who does not worry about how he looks just before going to a party?) Dorothy's friends immediately decided that, while the visitors were not exactly handsome, they were certainly the most interesting creatures they had ever seen.

"Like toys, only people-size," said one little girl to another. "I think they're wonderful."

Then all fell silent, for the Wogglebug had gone impressively to the front of the room. The fact was that he had spent a good part of the night thinking over Dorothy's remark that in Kansas magic seemed impossible—or at least very far away. To Professor Wogglebug, who was head of the largest college in one of the world's most magic countries, it seemed quite terrible that there might be boys or



girls anywhere who did not believe in magic. So now he looked around the room, and although he was smiling a broad wogglebug smile, he was inwardly about as serious as any wogglebug can possibly be.

"Magic," said the Wogglebug gravely, "is one of the greatest of all gifts to living creatures. We have much more magic in our marvelous Land of Oz than is usually seen in less fortunate countries, but magic can take place anywhere. It will be my pleasure this afternoon to give you a little demonstration in honor of Dorothy's birthday. Watch carefully."

With that, he raised his right hand, and turning to two extra chairs which Aunt Em had brought in earlier (although it was soon clear that the children really preferred to sit on the floor) he said clearly, "Naubau."

Immediately the two chairs faced one another and bowed. Then, linking arms, they proceeded to dance a graceful jig; their spindly legs tapping briskly to the tinkling melody of an unseen music box.

The children laughed and clapped their hands, and the chairs once more bowed to each other and returned to their original places.

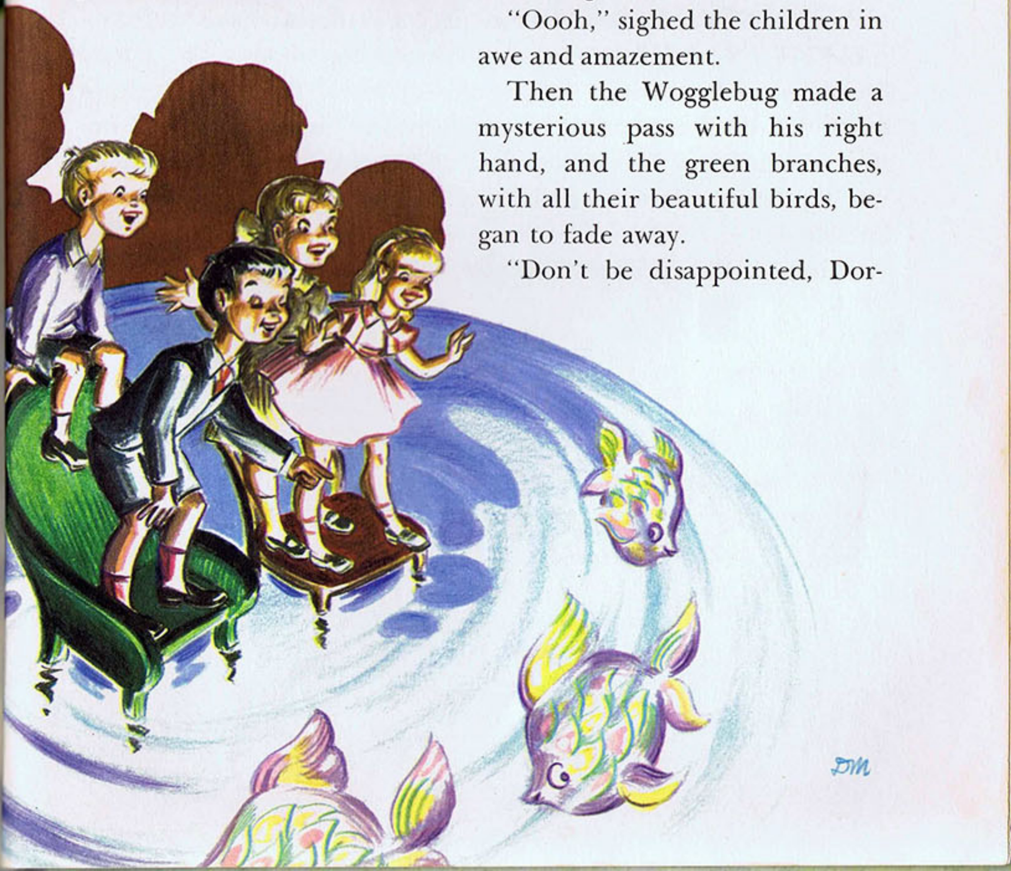
Then all fell silent again, for Professor Wogglebug was opening his bright green briefcase. From it he took a small, apparently empty green flower pot and set it on a table. At once a little plant appeared and began to grow. It grew and it grew, until its spreading branches almost filled the room.

Suddenly a tiny golden bird, with shining flecks of color on its wings like bright jewels, flew from somewhere among the leafy boughs, and settled on Dorothy's shoulder. To her delight, it began to sing, and instantly a myriad of the tiny birds appeared among the green branches, and filled the air with song.

"Oooh," sighed the children in awe and amazement.

Then the Wogglebug made a mysterious pass with his right hand, and the green branches, with all their beautiful birds, began to fade away.

"Don't be disappointed, Dor-



othy," the Wogglebug said. "You haven't lost your little bird. Right at this very minute he is building a nest in the tree outside your window. And all the other birds are building nests too. Every child will have at least one close by his house."

The children again clapped their hands, and Professor Wogglebug once more reached into his briefcase. He held up a tiny silver pitcher, no bigger than a teacup, and from it poured a stream of water onto the carpet at his feet. The water continued to pour from the little pitcher until a pool covered the floor and began to rise above the children's shoes. Some of the girls sprang onto the seats of their chairs in alarm, but the Wogglebug laughed and said, "Don't worry—this is magic water. It isn't even wet!"

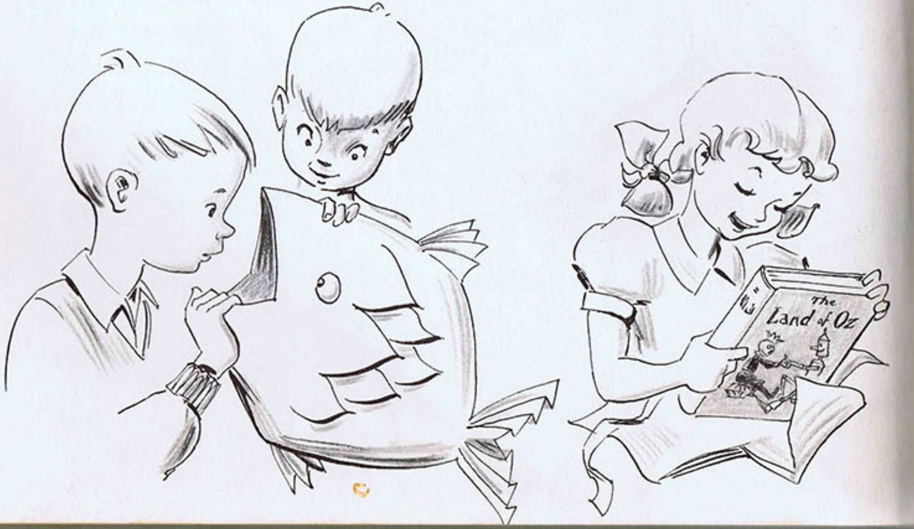
By now the water was over a foot deep and the astonished children could see colorful fish gracefully swimming about. Then they breathed another "Oooh!" of amazement, for the fish began to gleam softly, and then more and more brightly, seeming to be lighted from within themselves, so that they looked like colorful Japanese lanterns darting about underwater and filling the room with a shifting, delicate glow.

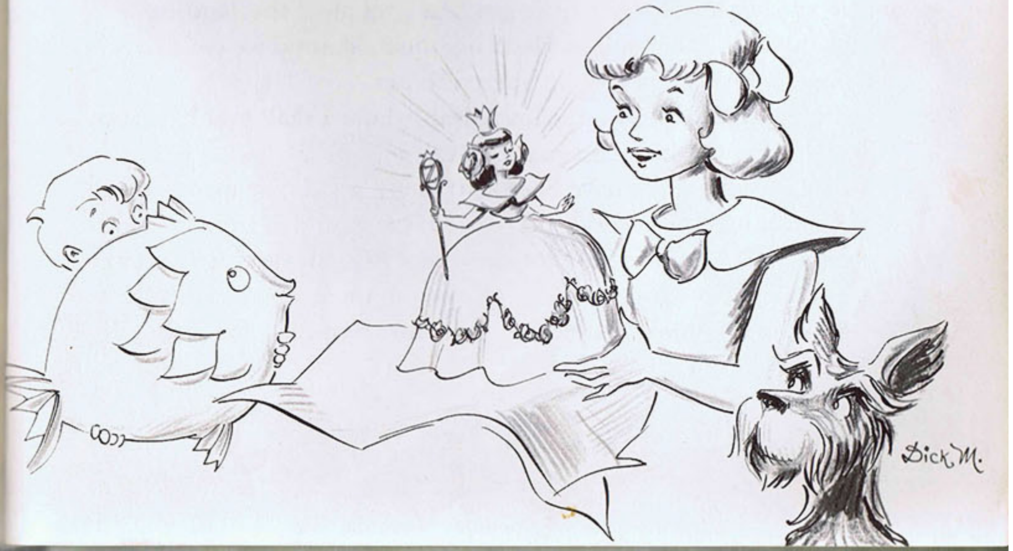
"And now," announced Professor Wogglebug, "each one of you will have your own fish!"

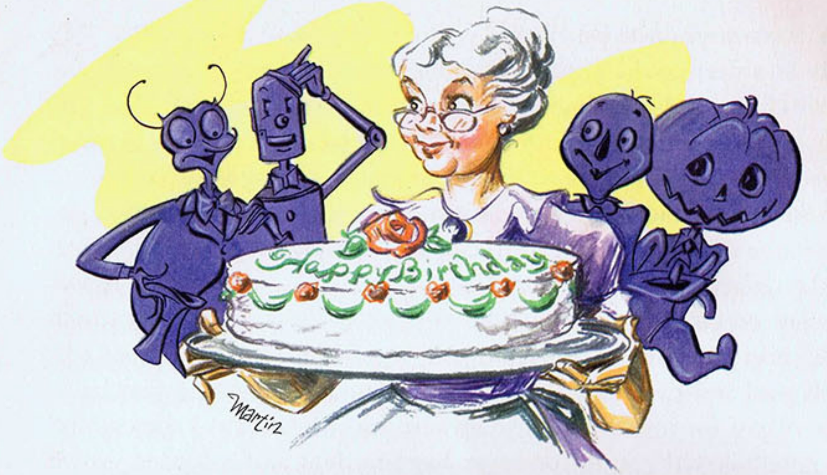
Before they could begin to wonder what he meant, the water began to fade away, leaving the floor and furniture perfectly dry. The fish, however, remained, and Dorothy rubbed her eyes as she saw that they were not real fish at all, but beautifully wrapped packages with bows and streamers of shining satin ribbon. On every package was the name of a boy or girl. And, curiously enough, as each child with exclamations of delight picked out his or her own "fish," there was discovered inside the package the very toy or book or game for which that child had been wishing. Dorothy's package was a long green one with gold and silver bows. When she opened it, she gave an exclamation of joy, for inside was the daintiest, most beautiful Princess doll imaginable, with satin slippers on her tiny feet and a golden crown on her dark hair, and on her face an expression of such sweetness that any little girl must love her at once.

"Oh!" she cried. "How beautiful!" In the doll's hand was a tiny golden scepter with the emblem "It's Ozma," she whispered in awe. "It's a portrait of Ozma."

"It is indeed a portrait of Ozma," replied the Wogglebug, making her a low bow. "And you yourself put your gift into your package,






Happy Birthday
Martin

Dorothy, by wishing for it."

Just then, Aunt Em called from the kitchen to say that the refreshments were ready. She carried in a white cake with "Happy Birthday" written in green sugar. The children half expected that the cake would be magic too, but it was not, of course, for Aunt Em had made it herself, and she was just a plain Kansas farm woman, whose only magic was her love for her little girl. And yet after the candles were blown out, and the children sat eating their cake and ice cream, Dorothy hugged Aunt Em and whispered to her.

"Oh, Aunt Em, this was the loveliest birthday I shall ever have, but your cake was the very best part of all!"

And indeed it must have been extremely good, for nearly every child had at least two slices, and Uncle Henry came in from his fields and had THREE while the Wogglebug ate **SIX,** and asking Aunt Em for directions how to make the cake, wrote them down carefully in his little black book, where he kept his formulas for very special magic.

HOW THE GUMP RACED SANTA'S REINDEER

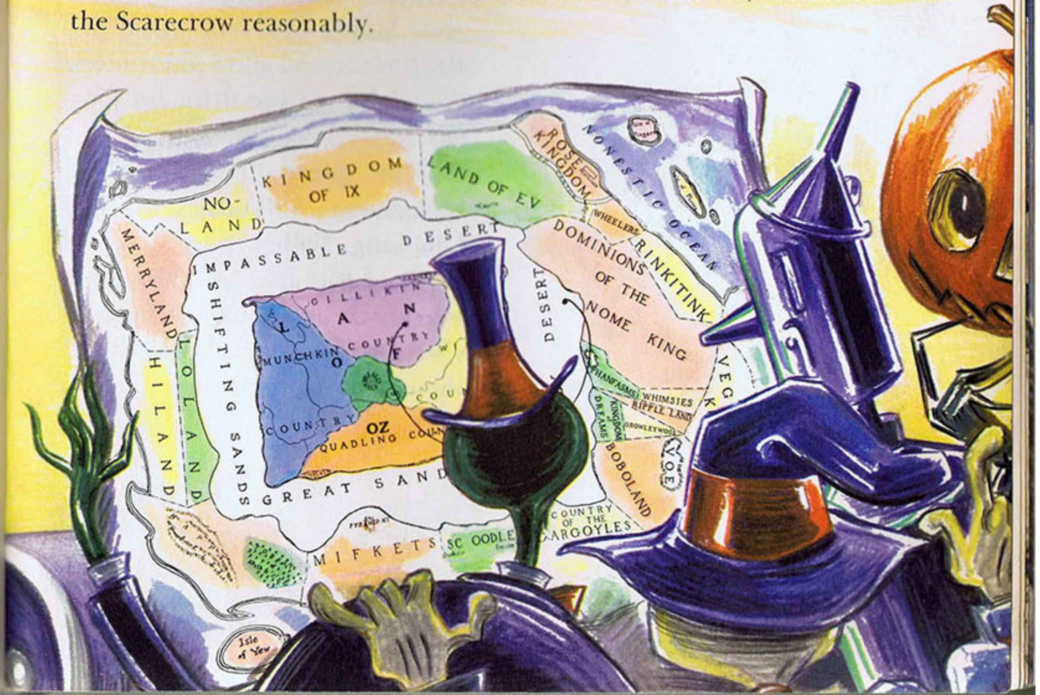
THE OZ visitors were on their way home, and the Gump was flying through a beautiful rosy late afternoon sky. They had stayed with Dorothy as long as they could, and had made several interesting trips over the nearby countryside, but now it was the day before Christmas and the Oz people wanted to get home for the magnificent celebration in Ozma's palace. Even so, they felt quite sad at leaving their American friends, and the Tin Woodman, who was looking out over the sparkling landscape far below, gave a long sigh.

"What's the trouble, my tender-hearted friend?" asked the Scarecrow smiling.

The Tin Man sighed again. "I was thinking how pleased with their gifts the children were at Dorothy's birthday party, and wishing that we could have given presents to all the children in America."

"Why didn't we?" asked Jack Pumpkinhead.

"Because we couldn't meet all the children in America," returned the Scarecrow reasonably.


KINGDOM OF IX
LAND OF EV
ROSE KINGDOM
NONESTIC OCEAN
NO-LAND
WHEELERS
RINKITINK
DOMINIONS OF THE NOME KING
IMPASSABLE DESERT
DESERT
MERRYLAND
SHIFTING SANDS
GILLIKIN COUNTRY
LAND OF OZ
MUNCHKIN COUNTRY
QUADLING COUNTRY
HILAND
LOLAND
GREAT SANDS
PHANFASMS
WHIMSIES
RIPPLE LAND
KINGDOM OF DREAMS
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COUNTRY OF THE GARGOYLES
MIFKETS
SCOODLE
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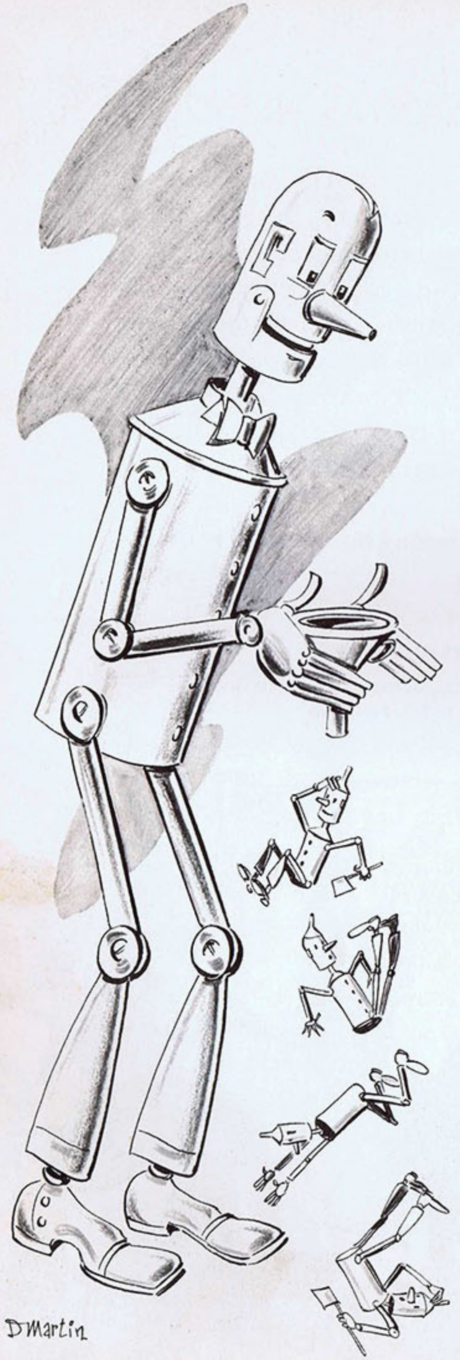


"It is possible, however," said the Wogglebug, looking thoughtful, "that we could do something about presents even now. Tomorrow is Christmas, and that is an even better time than birthdays for giving presents, you know." He was studying a very large map of unusually colorful and striking design. This map was one of only six like it in the entire world, and all were owned by powerful rulers of magic kingdoms. On it were marked not only the lands of ordinary peoples, but all countries of the Immortals. Usually this precious map was locked away in the great library of Ozma's royal palace, but she had allowed Professor Wogglebug to use it for his journey.

"Our return trip," said the Wogglebug, "will take us through Laughing Valley, which is the home of Santa Claus. Why don't we stop and pay his workshop a visit? I've never been there, though it is my purpose, as you know, to visit all the countries of the world in order to improve my remarkable education. In Laughing Valley you, Nick Chopper, can leave behind all the gifts you want to make, and Santa will gladly deliver them to the children when he takes his regular route tonight."

Our travelers were delighted by this idea—all except the Gump, who had been complaining steadily ever since leaving Kansas. Now he looked around crossly.

"Why do we have to go home?" he grumbled. "Kansas was fine. I don't like the sound of this Laughing Valley. What's so funny about it anyhow?"

"Well, it's not *funny* exactly," explained the Scarecrow. "It's called the Laughing Valley because everything there is happy. All around is the snow of the North Pole, but the magic sunshine of the valley is always so warm that the trees are green and the flowers bloom all year round,

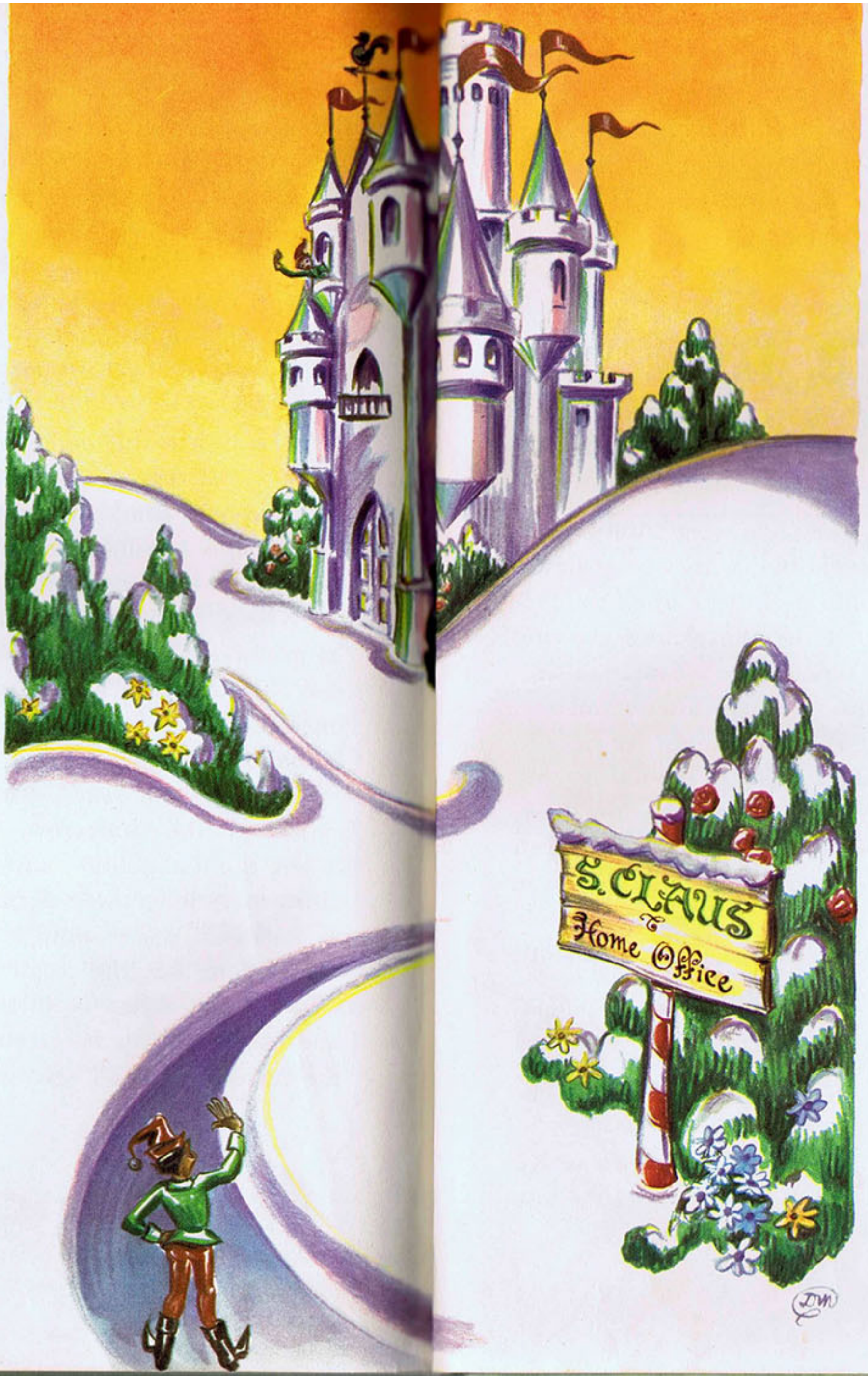
and the breezes are pleasant even when they blow across the ice. The brooks chuckle to themselves as they race along between their banks, the wind whistles merrily as it blows among the trees, and the sunbeams dance on the wildflowers. To laugh, one needs to be happy, and throughout Laughing Valley happiness reigns supreme."

"Humph," said the Gump. "Sounds monotonous to me."

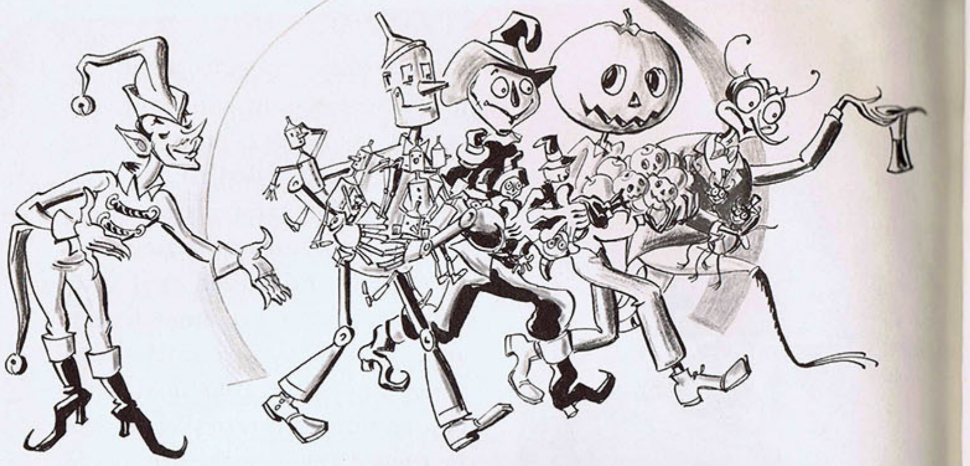
"If we are to leave Christmas presents for the children of America," asked Jack Pumpkinhead, "where are we going to buy them? We haven't any money."

"We will make them, of course," replied the Tin Woodman. "I am doing mine already."

With that he took off his tin hat, and tipping it up like a funnel, he began to pour out of it a stream of tiny shining tin men, all shaped exactly like himself. The Scarecrow drew from his sleeve some wisps of straw and held them in a bunch in his hand. At once, almost as if they were being squeezed out like toothpaste, dozens of little straw men began to fall into a pile on the seat beside him. Jack Pumpkinhead, seeing what the others were doing, took from his pocket a single, tiny, smiling pumpkinhead, filled to the brim with chocolate candy. He held the little pumpkinhead between his two hands and pulled at it carefully. It came apart immediately, and he had two candy-filled pumpkins where one had been before. Putting one of them down, he tugged gently at the other, and went on making two pumpkinheads out of one until he, too, had a large pile of his own special toys by his side. Meanwhile, the Wogglebug was taking from his magic briefcase hundreds of wee wogglebugs with their arms and legs made of fuzzy pipe-cleaners. Each wore a swallow-tailed coat and carried a small green briefcase and looked exactly as wise and solemn as the Professor himself. They were so comical that the whole party laughed when they saw them.



"Our friends the Sawhorse and the Gump must not be forgotten," said the Wogglebug seriously. And from the bottom of his apparently bottomless briefcase he now



began to take droves of small Gumps complete with stubby chin-whiskers, and piles of little wooden sawhorses, with wheels under their legs so the younger children could pull them around.

"Land here, good Gump," instructed the Wogglebug glancing over the side. "We have finished just in time. There is Santa's castle."

Indeed just below them was a beautiful, shining cluster of tall towers which appeared to be made of the clearest, whitest ice imaginable. Atop each tower, gleaming and sparkling in the setting sun, floated a long rippling banner. All around the castle was white snow, but sprinkled with delicate spring flowers and shaded by leafy green trees laden with colorful fruit. The Gump came down in the castle courtyard, and immediately six or eight little Ryls, who, as you probably know, are Santa's gardeners and gate-keepers, surrounded our travelers and politely inquired the reason for their visit.

"For," said the head Ryl, making a low bow, "our master's sleigh is already being loaded. This is Christmas Eve, and there are so many more children in the world nowadays than there used to be that he has to get a very early start."

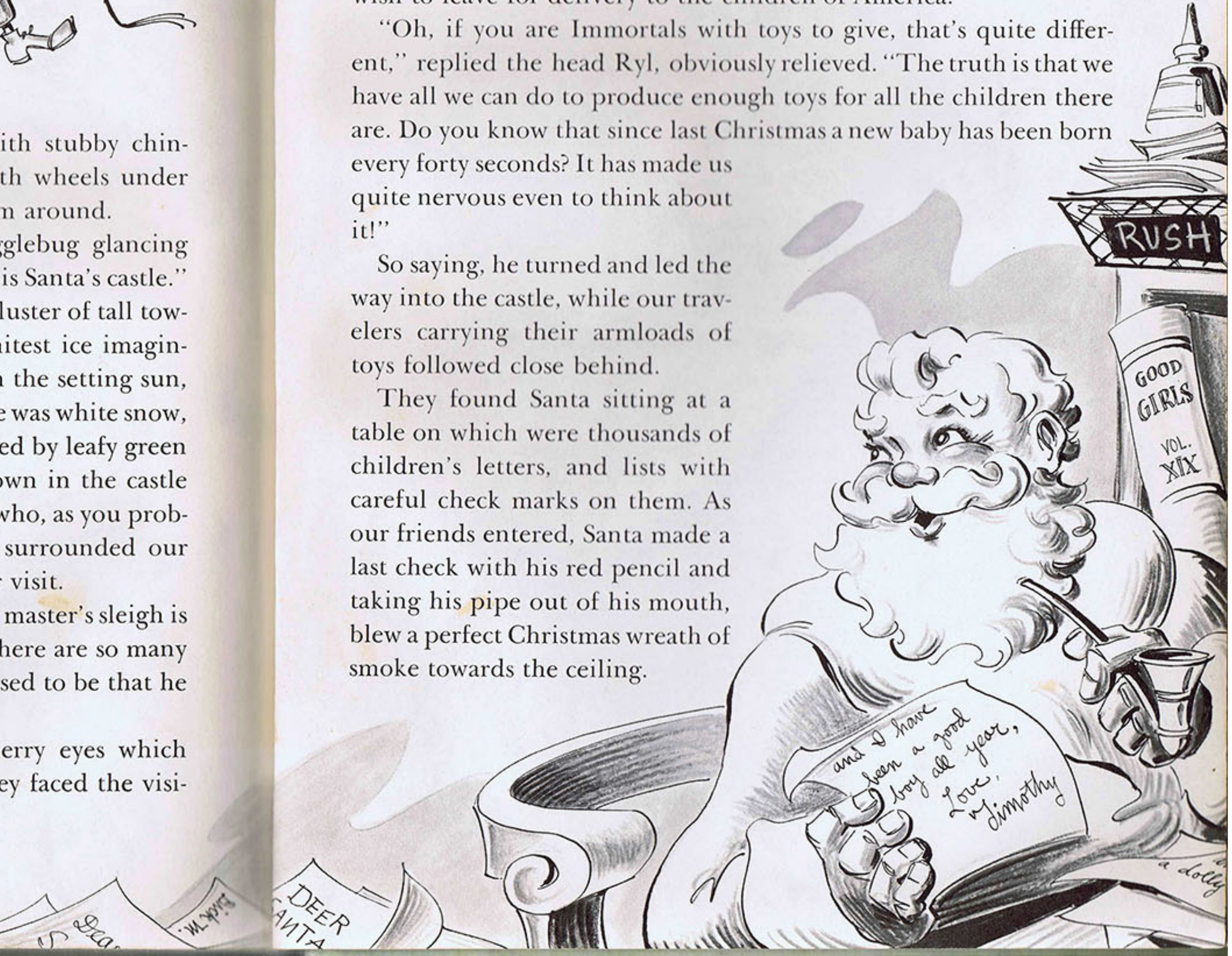
The Ryls were round-faced little elves with merry eyes which rather contradicted their serious expressions as they faced the visitors. On their heads were peaked red caps trimmed with silver bells. They wore tight red ski trousers and green jackets with silver buttons in a row over their little round stomachs, and on their feet were shiny patent-leather boots with pointed toes turned up at the ends.

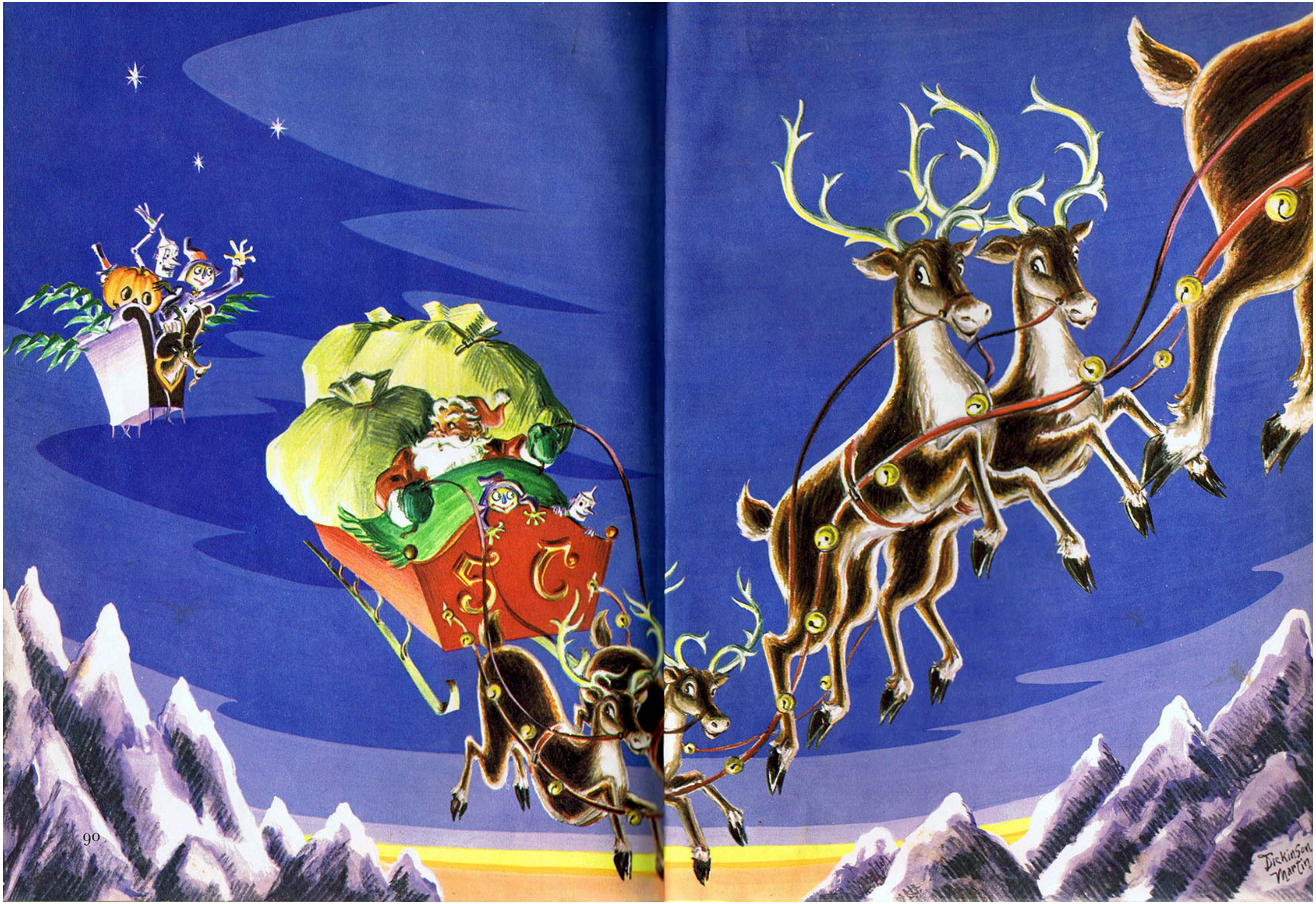
"We don't intend to take the great man's time," explained Professor Wogglebug. "We are travelers on our way home to the Land of Oz after visiting the United States. We have Christmas toys we wish to leave for delivery to the children of America."

"Oh, if you are Immortals with toys to give, that's quite different," replied the head Ryl, obviously relieved. "The truth is that we have all we can do to produce enough toys for all the children there are. Do you know that since last Christmas a new baby has been born every forty seconds? It has made us quite nervous even to think about it!"

So saying, he turned and led the way into the castle, while our travelers carrying their armloads of toys followed close behind.

They found Santa sitting at a table on which were thousands of children's letters, and lists with careful check marks on them. As our friends entered, Santa made a last check with his red pencil and taking his pipe out of his mouth, blew a perfect Christmas wreath of smoke towards the ceiling.

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Dickinson Martin

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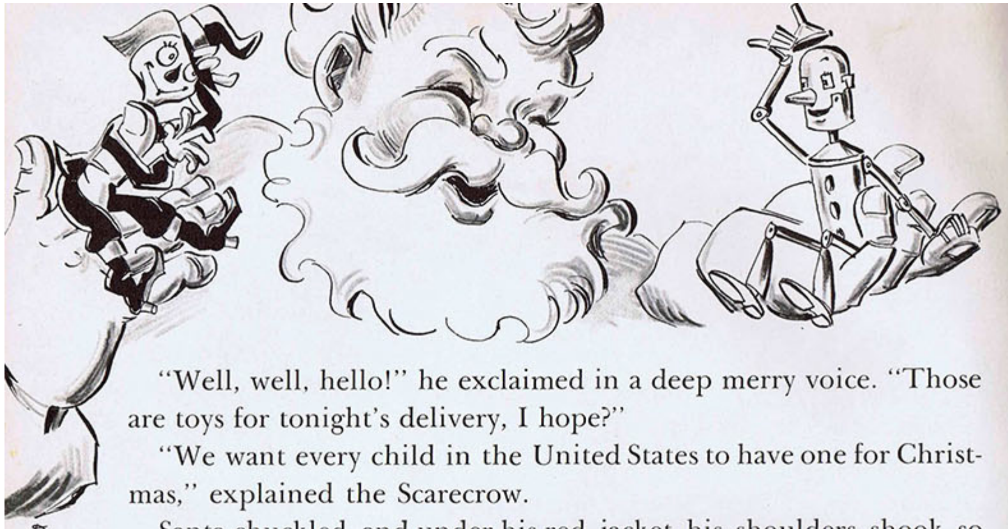


"Well, well, hello!" he exclaimed in a deep merry voice. "Those are toys for tonight's delivery, I hope?"

"We want every child in the United States to have one for Christmas," explained the Scarecrow.

Santa chuckled, and under his red jacket his shoulders shook so merrily that the visitors wanted to laugh too. "Ho, ho, my friends!" he said. "If you made a thousand times as many toys as you have there, you wouldn't have enough for a quarter of the children I will visit."

This unexpected news made the people from Oz very sad. Noticing this, Santa smiled. "Never mind," he said gently. "I'll make these go as far as I can, and in my workshops I will have many more copied for next year. But now I must be off, or I'll never be able to make all my stops before Christmas morning."

So the travelers followed Santa back into the courtyard. The sun was down now and it was quite dark. Under the bright Northern lights, which always glow over the Valley, stood eight noble reindeer with beautiful curly antlers and soft friendly dark eyes. They were harnessed to a great red sleigh, and were pawing the ground impatiently, while the Ryls piled sack after sack of toys into the sleigh. The Sawhorse was chatting with the deer, while the Gump, who was always rather shy, looked on disapprovingly.

"Our Gump," the Sawhorse was saying haughtily as the travelers came out, "can fly faster than any creature that flies."

One of the deer was about to answer, when Santa gave him a sly wink and interrupted. "Let's have a race," he proposed.

"To be sure," agreed Professor Wogglebug, "but it is only fair to warn you that the Sawhorse's statement is quite correct. Our Gump is very fast."

Santa made no answer in words, but chuckling to himself climbed up on top of the sacks of toys. With a friendly wave of farewell, he cracked his long whip. Away shot the reindeer—swift as the wind.

The Gump waggled his chin-whiskers determinedly and flew as he had never flown before, but every effort to keep pace with the sleigh was in vain, and finally the people of Oz saw only a tiny speck far ahead against the silver moon.

"There is magic among the other Immortals which is as great as our own," said the Scarecrow thoughtfully. "Santa is as fine a wizard as any who ever lived in the Land of Oz."

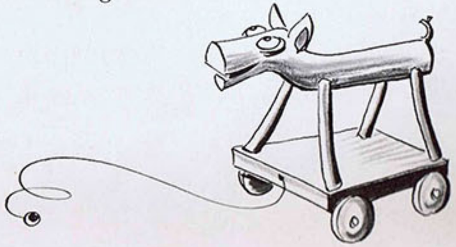
"I wish," complained the Gump crossly, "that creatures wouldn't boast about me without my consent. I find it very embarrassing."

"Never mind, good Gump," replied the Tin Woodman. "You did your best and we all had fun, and that is the point of any race. You will soon be back in Ozma's castle again."

The Gump glanced around for one last grumble. "I would rather be with Dorothy in Kansas," said he.

"That is quite natural," replied the Wogglebug. "Nothing that lives is ever content to be where it is. That is why we are always moving around and making life interesting. And perhaps some day, before too long, we shall all be coming back. Who knows? Certainly not we ourselves, for it would make life very dull if we knew what was going to happen to us."

And talking pleasantly among themselves, the travelers leaned back against the comfortable cushions of the Gump as it headed home under the shining stars.



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HOW IT ALL ENDED

Royal Postscript

I AM Pleased to Announce that my BELOVED SUBJECTS, the **SCARECROW** and the **TIN WOODMAN, PROFESSOR WOGGLEBUG** and **JACK PUMPKINHEAD,** together with the **SAWHORSE** and the **GUMP,** have Returned from the Remarkable **LAND OF AMERICA** and are Safe at Home in **OZ.**

IT IS their Belief—and mine—that a RECORD of their ADVENTURES will be of Great Interest and Amazement to CHILDREN EVERYWHERE, and I am Happy to Proclaim that Our Urgent and Loving Request for an ACCOUNT of their TRAVELS has been Fulfilled in this BOOK by His Royal Writeness, **L. FRANK BAUM,** Royal Historian of Oz.

(Signed)

Ozma

THE END

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